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UNDER HER WINDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

O, the gentle flush, in the noonday hush,
Of the lily's golden splendor;
O, the shadowy shine at twilight time
When soft gray eyes o'erbend her!

O, the smile so bright, as from hand so white
The lily is down-dropped to me;
O, the rosy lip that the bee might sip,
And the eyes that do smile me!

O, the gentle word that my heart hath stirred,
And the touch of a vanished finger;
O, the mellow note from a tuneful throat,
Where the nightingale doth linger!

O, listening rose, your leaves unclose,
And breathe my love unto her;
O, happy flower, at the morning hour
Again to wake and view her!

O, life so long, with a sorry song
Thou hast won from me my treasure;
See! she walketh now to keep her vow,
While her tears the moments measure!

O, moon so bright, with thy gentle light,
Lead Sleep to my lady's chamber;
Leave a happy dream in thy parting gleam,
And forget that e'er I blamed her!

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

SENOR MARIO ALMONT.

"Here is a letter for you, father."

The old man who had been too busily engaged in reading to notice the entrance of the speaker, looked up, and smiled when he saw who it was.

"Is it you Olive? I did not hear you come in. Who have you brought me a letter from?"

"Not having read it, I can't say," answered Olive, putting the letter in her father's hands.

He opened it and read it through.

"Who is it from?" she asked.

For answer he handed her the letter. It bore the Cuban post-mark, and read as follows:—

"My Dear Mr. Carhart.—I am coming north on a short visit, and shall avail myself of your kind and oft-repeated invitation to spend a month or two with you.

"You may expect me somewhere about the 10th of the month.

"Hoping to find yourself and daughter well,

"I am your most obedient servant,

"Mario Almont."

"James Carhart, Esq."

"Somewhere about the 10th, he says," said Mr. Carhart. "It's pretty near that date now, isn't it?"

"To-morrow is the 10th," answered Olive. "The letter must have been delayed on its route, for we ought to have had it a week ago, judging from the date. However it won't make any difference, for the house is ready for guests, and there are no extra preparations to make for Senor Almont's coming."

"He must be twenty-six or seven years of age," said Mr. Carhart, thoughtfully. "I have not seen him for several years. When he was in this country last he was just outgrowing his boyish ways."

"We shall have quite a little party at the Elms, this summer," said Olive. "Kate Ashmore and Charlie will be here this week, and Brent Lisle and his sister wrote they would be down next Monday. Senor Almont is coming at the right time, precisely."

"You forgot to number Allyn Sherwood among your expected visitors," said Mr. Carhart, smiling to see Olive's face grow rosy at the name. "I think I know what he is coming down to the Elms for this summer."

"To enjoy himself, of course," said Olive, bending down to pick up a paper from the carpet, that she might hide her blushing face.

"Yes, to enjoy himself, I suppose," answered Mr. Carhart; "but that isn't all. He's coming down to rob me of my daughter, I'm afraid."

"I don't see what makes you think so, I'm sure," said Olive coming up behind her father, and leaning over his chair.

"I am pretty good at reading signs," he answered. "When a young lady gets letters once a week from a young gentleman, and won't let even her poor old father read them, though he may be dying of curiosity to do so, and when that young lady blushes up as red as a June rose at the mention of the young gentleman's name, I think there are pretty good foundations to form such a conclusion as mine on."

"Well, and if your conclusions should prove to be correct. What then?" asked Olive.

"I suppose I should let the young man do as he pleased, and put up with the loss of my daughter with the best grace possible. I should hate to lose my daughter, though," he added, smiling up into the face which leaned over him.

"You won't lose me," Olive said, stroking his gray hair tenderly. "I won't leave you; I'm always going to be the same Olive to you I am to-day."

"Perhaps Allyn Sherwood won't agree to that," he said, smiling to see the soft color flush her cheeks. "He may be selfish in the matter, you know, and think that I have had you long enough."

"I meant that I would love you always, as I do now," she said, bending down and kissing him. "If I ever *do* get married, I'm going to have you live with me."

"At present, I suppose the probability of your being married is very remote," he said, and pulled her round into his lap where he could get a good look at her. "Do you love Allyn Sherwood well enough to trust your future in his keeping?"

HE SAW SHERWOOD STANDING BESIDE HER IN THE TWILIGHT, AND A FLASH OF HATRED LEAPED INTO HIS EYES.

"I love him better than any one else I ever knew, except you," she answered, frankly.

"Marriage is something which young persons should think about seriously, before they assume its responsibilities. It is for life, and a great deal must be borne, a great deal overlooked in each other. You have thought of that, Olive?"

"Yes," she answered; "I think Allyn will be as kind and forbearing as I could wish or expect any man to be—and I am sure I love him enough to try and be a true wife to him."

"I hope you will be happy with the man you have chosen, and I think you *will*," he said. "I like him, and would as soon trust your future in his hands, as in any one's I know."

"I hear the sound of carriage wheels," cried Olive, running to the window. "Maybe some one has come."

She lifted the sash, and leaned out to catch a view of the front of the house and carriage drive.

"It's Kate and Charlie," she cried—and ran out of the room and down to the yard to welcome her visitors.

The arrivals were Katherine Ashmore and her brother Charlie. The Ashmores and Carharts had been friends as long as Mr. Carhart could remember, and when Olive made out her list of invitations for the summer, Kate and Charlie's names figured conspicuously at the head of the list.

Miss Ashmore was a tall and handsome girl, with a fine figure, and an easy, well-bred grace. A strong and earnest nature looked out of her dark eyes, and gave an expression of steadfastness and sincerity to her face.

Charlie was some two or three years her junior, and was just the right kind of person to make things lively and stirring. Full of gayety and spirits, he could manage to keep the "blues" at quite a respectable distance from himself and those who came in contact with him.

"Welcome to the Elms," cried Olive, as she ran down the steps, and met Miss Ashmore.

"I really think it waste of the raw material to see one girl kiss another in that way," said Charlie, with an assumption of great wisdom. "Suppose you keep on with your demonstrations, and serve your visitors all alike."

"I couldn't think of kissing *you*," laughed Olive. "I never kiss *boys*."

"I'm happy to hear it," answered Charlie. "I conclude you don't include Allyn Sherwood in the list of boys, then?"

"Did you ever see me kiss him?" asked Olive, archly.

"Not exactly," answered Charlie, "but I saw him kiss you, which is about the same thing, you know. You remember the Academy ball, don't you?—and a walk in the garden between the dances?"

"I'm not going to commit myself," answered Olive, leading the way into the house.

Mr. Carhart met them in the hall.

"I am glad to see you," he said, with an earnest cordiality. "Olive has been ready for her visitors for a week."

Their rooms were assigned them, and being tired and dusty, they went to change their travelling garments for something fresher and more comfortable; while Olive went to order dinner put on the table.

After dinner they withdrew to the piazza, up whose pillars and lattice-work luxuriant vines had been trained, which cast a cool and pleasant shade within.

"What a beautiful place!" Kate said, looking off over the wide green meadows to the hills. "I would like to live here always; it is so much pleasanter than the city."

"I should like to inquire, respectfully, if there are any pretty girls here?" said Charlie. "To my mind, no place is what it ought to be without those useful and ornamental creatures."

"*I* live here," answered Olive, demurely.

"Charlie will probably fall in love half-a-dozen times this summer," laughed Kate. "I hoped he would take warning by his adventure in that direction *last* summer, but he didn't. I think I never told you about that, Olive?"

"No, I never heard anything about it," answered Olive. "Please tell me."

"For goodness' sake, *don't!*" exclaimed Charlie. "I think it about time you hunted up some new anecdote for the amusement of your friends. Give the story and me a little peace."

"I *must* tell Olive," said Kate. "You know Charlie and I went down to Virginia visiting last summer. Well, Charlie fell in love there. He went into town one day and saw a young lady who captivated his fancy at once. He came home raving about her. Such a carriage! such a foot! such style and grace! When we asked him to describe her looks, he admitted that he hadn't seen her face, as she wore a veil. Three or four times he saw her on the streets, and every time he got deeper and deeper in love. She wore a veil all the time, and the fact that he couldn't get a glimpse of her face gave the affair a delightful air of romance and mystery. But the mystery was removed at last. One Sunday we drove to church in town, and as we rode down the street, Charlie all at once cried out that 'there she was!' and pointed out a lady on the sidewalk. As usual, she had her veil down.

"'I'd give anything to get a peep under that provoking veil,' said Charlie. 'I can imagine just how she looks. She has dark eyes and hair, and is as handsome in face as she is in figure.'

"Just then a gust of wind came along, and away went her veil. Charlie, determined to exhibit his gallantry and get a peep at his charmer's hidden beauty at the same time, jumped out of the carriage and recovered the veil, which he restored to the unknown fair one. She turned her face toward him as she took the veil, and he took a good look at her. One was enough. He did not look again, for his adored one's face was as dark as a face could well be, and the lips which thanked him were quite too prominent to be in strict harmony with our ideas of beauty. He had been in love with one of our 'sable sisters.' We didn't hear anything more about her from him, but he heard about her from us quite often during the remainder of the summer."

"Everybody is liable to make mistakes," said Charlie, looking rather redder in the face than seemed consistent with the state of the weather.

The sound of steps on the gravelled path came to them. They looked in the direction from which they came, and saw a young man coming toward the house.

"What a dark, fierce looking person!" Kate said, as she scrutinized the stranger. "I know he is passionate and revengeful, by the glitter in his eyes."

"I think it is Senor Almont," Olive said. "He is a friend of father's from Cuba, and has come north to spend a few weeks. I recognize him from his resemblance to pictures father has of the Almonts of a former generation."

The gentleman came up to the steps.

"I am Mario Almont," he said, bowing. "If I am not mistaken, you are Miss Carhart," to Olive, who had started to call her father.

"Yes, I am Olive Carhart," she said, giving him her hand. "We were expecting you. Your letter did not reach us until this morning, however. Come in, and I will call father."

His bold, glittering eyes rested on the fair, fresh face of Olive with undisguised admiration as she spoke. They were like other eyes she had seen sometimes, which gave her an uneasy sensation. There was something hard and cruel and relentless in them.

He followed her into the house, and sat down in the parlor to wait while she went in search of her father.

She found him in the library busy with his books. Books were the dearest friends Mr. Carhart had. He loved them, and found a pleasant companionship among them.

"Senor Almont has come, father," she said. "He is in the parlor, waiting for you."

"I will go down, then," he said, shutting the volume. "How do you like him, Olive?"

"I don't think I like him very well," she answered slowly. "He impresses me with a sense of dread. I shivered when he looked at me, his eyes had such a hard look about them. I'm afraid I shan't enjoy his society as much as—"

"As much as you will Sherwood's," put in Mr. Carhart, getting up from the table, and moving toward the door. "Sherwood is a lucky fellow!"

CHAPTER II.

A NEW LOVER.

"Let me see! this is Saturday, isn't it?"

Charlie asked the question one morning at the breakfast table.

"Yes, this is Saturday," answered Mr. Carhart.

"I hope you haven't forgotten that Sherwood is coming down to-day," Charlie said, smiling across at Olive.

"It isn't likely that I have," answered Olive quietly, while a swift blush rose in her cheeks.

Something in Charlie's bantering tone attracted Almont's attention, and he looked keenly at Olive, and saw the color suffuse her face.

"Who is this Sherwood?" he asked Charlie after breakfast, as they stood on the steps together.

"A young fellow from the city," answered Charlie. "A very fine young man; he will make his mark in the world, they say, as an author. He has written some very fine things."

"Miss Carhart seemed to discover some peculiar meaning in your words when you spoke of him, judging from her blushes," said the Cuban.

"Yes," answered Charlie. "I suppose she expects to be Mrs. Sherwood some day."

"Engaged?" asked Almont.

"I don't know whether they are or not," was the reply. "If not, there is a mutual understanding existing which amounts to the same thing."

Just then Olive came down into the garden to gather some flowers for the parlor.

Almont watched her with eager eyes, and there was admiration in his glance, and a crafty, sinister look about his face.

"She is a very beautiful girl," he said, turning to Charlie. "Does she love this Sherwood, or is it to be merely a marriage of convenience? Carhart has but little property, I believe."

"Sherwood is not wealthy," answered Charlie. "I suppose it will be a love-match."

"Such a woman never ought to be a poor man's wife," the Cuban said, turning to watch Olive again.

She was trying to break off a branch of roses from a bush high above her head. It eluded her grasp, and swung its blooms tantalizingly just out of reach.

"Let me help you," said Almont, coming to her assistance.

He broke the blossoms from the bush and gave them to her, his keen eyes full of an admiration she could not mistake.

"Thank you," she said, a feeling of dread and dislike creeping over her as she met his gaze. There was something about him repulsive to her. She could not like him. She had tried to, during the two days he had been at the Elms, but she had not succeeded in overcoming her first impression of him. There was something in his bold and unconcealed admiration which made her afraid of him.

"I think our Cuban gentleman has taken a decided fancy to Olive," Charlie remarked to his sister, as she joined him on the steps. "He has been asking me all about her and Sherwood. I notice he watches her pretty closely, and he doesn't make any secret of his admiration for her. A genuine, fiery, hot-headed Cuban; I wouldn't like to cross his path."

"I don't like him," said Kate. "Olive doesn't, either. I know by her looks she is wishing he would take himself off and leave her to get her flowers alone. But he evidently hasn't any intention of doing that. A hasty wooer, I should say. He has only been here two days."

It was true that Mario Almont had been at the Elms but a day or two, but to one of his quick, passionate nature, that time was long enough to form an attachment in. Love is not so much an outgrowth of friendship and time, as of impulse, with persons of his temperament.

"You have a new lover," Charlie whispered, as Olive passed him with her flowers. "He'll be asking you to be Senora Almont inside of a week."

"I hope not," said Olive, slowly. "I suppose it's foolish in me, but I can't help feeling afraid of that man. I wonder if there is such a thing as a presentiment? Somehow I can't get rid of a strange dread which oppresses me every time he looks at me."

"'Coming events cast their shadows before,'" quoted Charlie.

Little did either of them think how much truth there was in his lightly-uttered words.

Mario Almont looked after her as she went up the steps with a thoughtful look in his crafty face.

"She doesn't like me, I see plainly," he muttered, "but she *shall!* I'll win her, in spite of Sherwood. Nothing shall stand in my way. I'm an Almont, and an Almont was never yet stopped by trifles."

That afternoon Allyn Sherwood came. He was a tall and handsome man, as different in every way from Almont as day from night.

He had a brave, frank face, thoughtful beyond his years. There was an expression in his kind and earnest eyes which made you feel that he was a man who might be trusted.

Almont watched Olive when they met.

She lifted a shy, happy face to Sherwood's for a moment as she gave him her hand, and then dropped her eyes in pretty confusion before his tender gaze.

Almont's face flushed darkly. He saw before him a rival; one who had the advantage wholly on his side. An expression of intense hatred flashed into his eyes. A person of his fiery, passionate, selfish nature could not have a rival without hating him.

"Senor Almont, Mr. Sherwood," Olive said, turning to the Cuban and presenting her lover.

Almont bowed coldly, and took the hand which Sherwood offered, because he could not do otherwise, but there was no cordiality in his manner; instead, there was a subtle repulsion about it, which made Sherwood feel that there could be no friendship between the man before him and himself. Any overtures on his part, he felt, would be rejected.

More than once that afternoon he looked up suddenly to find Almont's eyes fixed on him in a cold, hateful stare.

"Your Cuban friend has evidently taken a dislike to me," Sherwood said to Olive as they stood by the piano in the evening. "He watches me as a cat does a mouse. I wonder what the reason is?"

Olive did not reply.

"We are antagonistic, probably," Sherwood said. "Sing something, please."

She sat down and sang a little vesper song.

Almont, coming down the hall, heard her singing and opened the parlor door softly, thinking she was alone.

He saw Sherwood standing beside her in the twilight, and a flash of hatred leaped into his eyes.

"Curse him!" he muttered, under his breath. "He stands between me and the only woman I ever cared to marry. He holds the best cards in the game, too, but I won't give it up."

He stood there in the shadowy hall and watched them.

When the song was ended, Sherwood bent down and lifted Olive's face between his hands and kissed her.

"To pay you for your song," he said, tenderly.

She smiled as she gave him some gay reply, and Almont could tell by the look which came into her face that she loved the man at her side with a deep and strong affection. It was full of trust and tender confidence.

"I wonder if that Almont hasn't fallen in love with you, Olive?" Sherwood asked, suddenly. "I remember that I saw him looking at you with a very ardent expression of admiration in his face as I came up the steps on my arrival. Perhaps that's why he doesn't like me."

"I think you are half right," she answered. "He is evidently quick to form his likes and dislikes."

"Then you think he likes you?" asked Sherwood.

"I'm afraid so," she answered, smiling up into his eyes as he bent over her.

"Afraid so?" repeated Sherwood. "I thought all young ladies liked to have the gentlemen in love with them? Are you an exception to the generality of young ladies, or is Senor Almont an exception among the gentlemen?"

"I am quite well satisfied with having one gentleman in love with me at a time," she said, archly. "Seriously, though, I do feel afraid of that man. He seems so strange, and has such a hard, crafty look about his face. All the old stories I used to read about vendettas and the like, had men with just such faces as his in them, and they were always cruel and relentless in their quest of revenge for real or imaginary wrongs. Perhaps it is the influence which those stories had on my mind that makes me feel such a dislike to him."

"Probably," answered Sherwood. "I'll run the risk of incurring his hatred before I'll give you up to him, though," he added, laughingly.

They did not see the sinister face peering at them through the shadows, nor hear the footsteps which glided away as some one came down the hall toward the parlor.

CHAPTER III.

RIVALS.

On Monday, Brent Lisle and his sister came down to the Elms, and the party was complete.

Olive did the honors of her father's hospitable mansion as hostess with an easy, native grace.

Her mother had been dead for years. She was so young when she became motherless, that she could scarcely remember the woman who kissed her good-by when the night of life shut down about her and hid her in its shadows.

Mr. Carhart had been father and mother to his child. The old house had been kept open the same as before its mistress died, with the exception of the years Olive passed at school. There was a deep and tender affection between father and daughter; the love which each would have given to the woman who had died, they gave each other.

Before a week had passed Allyn Sherwood understood that Mario Almont regarded him as a rival. It was an odd, one-sided rivalry, for Olive treated Almont with cool politeness, and tried to keep him at a distance; but he would not be repulsed in that way. He haunted her like a shadow, and if persistence could have accomplished anything, he would have wrought quite a revolution in her feelings regarding himself.

She was too thoroughly well-bred, and had too many of the old chivalrous ideas of what her position as hostess demanded of her, to let her dislike toward Almont manifest itself. And yet she could not quite conceal the dread she had of him.

Allyn Sherwood watched matters with a keen eye. He resolved to have no trouble with Almont if he could avoid it. He preferred to let Olive deal with him. He knew that he had nothing to fear from his rival, so far as affecting any change in Olive's feelings were concerned. He understood the quick, passionate, Spanish nature of the man well enough to think it wisdom to let him alone and not interfere with him, so long as he had nothing to dread from the result of his passion for Olive. And yet he resented the annoying and unwelcome attentions which his rival continually thrust upon her.

Mario Almont knew this as well as Sherwood did, and it gave him a fierce pleasure in seeing his fortunate rival forced to be silent, while he gave Olive his persistent attentions. He knew, too, that she did not want them; on the contrary, they were repulsive to her; and yet he insisted on forcing them upon her. He had made up his mind to make Olive Carhart his wife, and he fully meant to carry out his purpose.

But how?

That question puzzled him.

Allyn Sherwood was in the way, and he saw no chance of getting him out of it.

The days passed pleasantly to the other members of the party at the Elms. There were rides, and sails down the river, and many other amusements peculiar to country

life, which they enjoyed thoroughly, coming as they did from the dusty, noisy city.

Not one in the whole party liked Almont. There was something about him which repelled them. A show of friendship was kept up by all of them except Sherwood. He had no friendship for his rival, and assumed none. He treated him with a cool politeness and civility which gave Almont no chance for complaint of want of courtesy, while it gave him to understand that his conduct was resented.

"Don't quarrel with him," Olive said to Sherwood one day, when they where standing on the piazza together alone. "He is so passionate and hot-tempered that I dread to have any trouble with him."

"I get terribly provoked sometimes to see him thrust his unwelcome attentions on you," Sherwood said. "I could have knocked him down yesterday, when he insisted on holding your worsted for you. You told him you could hold it well enough yourself, but he wouldn't listen to you. No gentleman would do as he continues to, after seeing, as he must, that you would much prefer to have him bestow his attentions elsewhere or keep them to himself. He is either hard to take a hint, or else he is determined to show me that I have a rival who believes in perseverance, and isn't easily baffled."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said; "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then he will most likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

Allyn Sherwood little understood the nature of the man he had to deal with. Sinister and crafty, passionate and stubborn, no ordinary degree of opposition would suffice to check him when once his mind was set on the attainment of an object.

I wonder if I make my readers see this man as I would like to? A man hard, cruel, selfish; one who could love with the intensity of a nature born and reared in the passionate, reckless, impulsive tropics; and a man who could hate with an intensity still greater, because hate springs from an element of bad, and there was but little about him that was not bad. Left, at an early age, to follow his own devices, Mario Almont had grown up from an ungoverned youth to a wild, reckless, unprincipled manhood, with the good in his nature left dormant.

"What's to be done this afternoon?" Charlie Ashmore asked one day, yawning over the book he had been trying to read.

As his inquiry had been addressed to no one in particular, he got no reply to it.

"Don't all speak at once," he said, with a patronizing expression on his face. "Just wait and take your turn, ladies. The gentlemen are going to venture an opinion on the subject. Now, gentlemen! I am ready to listen to you."

"Let's have a sail on the river," proposed Brent Lisle.

"That meets with my favor, provided you three gentlemen will do the rowing. I would cheerfully take part in that pleasant exercise, but my present state of health won't admit of it."

"I think we had better leave you behind," said Lucia Lisle, laughing. "I'm afraid it will be too much exertion for you to walk to the river and back again."

"If you had any consideration for me you'd give me your arm to lean on," said Charlie. "I see how it is. You have got the mistaken idea into your head that the party would be just what it ought to be if you could manage to get rid of me, but you can't, you know. I've seen your designs on Senor Almont, and I'm going along to play propriety, and protect the poor gentleman."

"Perhaps Senor Almont would prefer to protect himself," answered Lucia.

"I see you want to leave me behind," said Charlie, with touching resignation. "I feel that I ain't appreciated, but I'm going, nevertheless. You three damsels would enjoy yourselves altogether too much with a poor innocent man for each one of you to tantalize. I'll go along for an odd one."

The girls ran up-stairs for their hats, and presently came down ready for the excursion.

"We're waiting, gentlemen," said Lucia, looking in at the parlor door.

Almont got up and went out into the hall where the girls were waiting.

Olive was standing a little in advance.

"Shall we walk on?" he asked, coming up beside her. "They can join us at the river."

She wanted to say no, but his eyes were on her face, and that strange, indefinable dread came over her, and kept back the word as it rose to her lips.

"I suppose we might as well," she said, and they started on in advance, leaving the others to follow at their leisure.

"Almont has gone off with your property," laughed Charlie, as Sherwood looked about for Olive. "You'll have to keep watch of him, or some of these fine days he'll out you out entirely. Olive has altogether too many strings to her bow, or beaux to her string, I don't know which. To tell the truth, *I* came pretty near making up my mind to step around in that direction, but Almont looks so black when he sees friend Sherwood paying court to her, that *I* feel rather timid about making any advances. I'm afraid he'd call me out and run me through with a sword some fine morning before breakfast. Then what'd become of the country, I'd like to know? I've altogether too much regard for the American eagle to allow myself to be made such a sacrifice of, I thank you."

Allyn Sherwood ran on and overtook Kate Ashmore.

A little color came into her pale cheeks, and she smiled when she saw who her cavalier was.

"I think you ought to be jealous of Senor Almont," she said, lightly.

"I'm not one of the jealous kind," he answered. "I know too well what Olive thinks of him to let his actions trouble me."

"He evidently has decided to supplant you in her regard if he can," she said, swinging her hat by its ribbons, and looking off toward the hills with a shadow on her face.

"I am willing he should try," Sherwood answered. "I know Olive too well, and love her too much to doubt her. She will be true."

A little sigh fluttered on Kate Ashmore's lips. No one had ever guessed that she cared more for the man who was walking beside her, and talking of the woman he loved, and who would be true to him, than was consistent with mere friendship. She was not a woman to wear her heart upon her sleeve.

They walked on silently, and joined Almont and Olive at the river.

The boat swung at its moorings, and they got in and were seated before the other members of the party reached the stream.

Almont sat down at Olive's feet, and as he did so flashed a fierce, mocking glance toward Sherwood.

Allyn looked up, and their eyes met.

A sneering smile curled the Cuban's lips. He knew that his rival resented his insolent persistence in his effort to win Olive's regard, and he liked to make him feel that he had no idea of giving up the game, one-sided as it might be.

The others came up and took their places in the boat, and the moorings were cast off; and then they floated slowly down the stream in the golden summer day with idle oars. The wind blew softly and rippled the waters into lights and shadows as they drifted along.

The party would have been a gay and merry one but for one disturbing element in it.

That element was Almont. He seemed to throw a depressing influence over them. Olive was evidently ill at ease, and restive under his unwelcome gallantry, and it was plain to be seen that Allyn Sherwood was chafing under the insolence of his rival. Although, as he had remarked to Kate, he had nothing to fear from any influence Almont could bring to bear on Olive's regard for him, it was not very agreeable to be obliged to sit and see another making love to the woman who was to be his wife.

"Isn't it about time to turn about?" asked Lisle.

They had already floated some mile or two down the river.

"Perhaps it is," answered Sherwood. "Let me help you row."

The boat was turned, and they rowed homeward. Charlie seemed the only one in the party who cared to talk much.

"I told you how it would be," he said, with a great assumption of worldly wisdom. "Three men and three women are the most unsocial of any given number of persons in the world. There's Almont; he's contented to sit at Olive's feet, and let matters take their course; and there's Sherwood, who's thinking about something, probably a plot for his next story; and here's Lisle and his sister, who don't feel exactly comfortable, because they happen to be too nearly related to make a flirtation interesting. I'm thankful there's no damsel along to bother *me*. I'm like the good, sensible old miller of Dee, 'I care for no woman, no, not I, and none of them cares for me!'"

"Poor Charlie!" laughed Olive.

"Not at all, thank you," answered Charlie, with a bow. "It's an awful thing to have the women care for a fellow. It keeps him in perpetual torment. He's in fear all the time. You see, he doesn't like to offend this one by telling her that he feels highly flattered by her attentions, but he must firmly decline accepting them nevertheless; and he doesn't like to encourage that one; and while he is thinking what to do with them, up comes the other one, and before he knows it he's about done for. Awful, I assure you. You know something of how it is yourself," with a meaning glance at Sherwood and Almont, and then at Olive, who dropped her eyes and seemed to be intently studying the texture of the dress she wore.

A clump of water-lilies grew near the place where the boat was kept moored. As they rowed back, Olive caught sight of a great, creamy lily-cup floating on the water; the wine of the sunshine seemed running over from its waxen chalice.

"Oh, I must have it!" cried Olive. "Row the boat that way, please."

"I will get it for you," Almont said, smiling into her face, with his passionate eyes full of the fierce admiration he felt for her.

"No, no!" she said. "Let me get it. I can reach it!"

She leaned over the boat and reached after the flower.

It was further away than she had thought it to be, and she could not grasp it. She leaned still further toward it, and lost her balance.

With a cry of fright she fell into the water and sank beneath its surface immediately.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUARREL.

Instantly Almont and Allyn Sherwood sprang to their feet.

"I will save her!" the Cuban cried. "Stand back!" His eyes flashed with swift excitement.

"She is mine!" answered Sherwood, with desperate calmness, watching the place where Olive had gone down.

There was a ripple on the water, and she rose to the surface, some feet away from the boat.

Both men sprang into the water at the same time, and swam toward her with rapid strokes.

"Back, back!" cried Almont fiercely, beating Sherwood away when he had almost reached Olive, who was struggling to keep above the water. "Back, I say! I will save her!"

He caught her before Sherwood could recover the ground he had lost. As he grasped her, he turned to throw a fierce, triumphant glance at his rival, and then with a few quick, powerful strokes, swam ashore and lifted Olive to the bank, where he laid her down, pale, frightened and exhausted.

Sherwood turned to swim back to the boat, but the roots of the water-lilies caught about his feet, and he struggled in vain to free himself from them.

"Help me!" he cried. "Something has wound itself about my feet. I cannot get away!"

He beat the water with his hands to support himself above the surface.

The occupants of the boat seemed paralyzed with fright, and made no effort to assist him. Almont watched him from the bank with a wild gleam in his eyes. What if he should drown? Olive was too bewildered to notice what was taking place.

"He is drowning!" cried Kate suddenly, breaking the spell which had held them in terrified stupefaction. "Brent Lisle—Charlie! can't you help him?"

Lisle seized an oar and gave the boat a swift push toward the struggling man. Charlie leaned out over the water and caught him, just as the lily roots were dragging him down beneath the surface. He drew him into the boat, and they rowed swiftly to the shore.

Lisle and Charlie lifted Sherwood, who was half unconscious and wholly exhausted, and carried him ashore.

"Is he dead?" cried Olive, who had just begun to comprehend the situation of affairs.

She staggered to her feet and started toward Sherwood.

Almont caught her, and held her back.

"He is not dead!" he said, "only exhausted. They will bring him to the house. If you can walk, lean on me, and let me assist you home."

She broke loose from his grasp.

"Allyn!" she cried, and sank down on the ground beside him. "Allyn! oh Allyn! speak to me!"

Sherwood heard her, and opened his eyes to see her bending over him. He smiled, and tried to rise.

"Let me help you," Brent Lisle said, assisting him to his feet. "Charlie and I will get you to the house. If you feel strong enough we had better be moving. It won't do you any good to stay in these wet clothes longer than you can help."

"Come!" Almont touched Olive's arm. "Lean on me," he said. "You should have on dry garments."

She tried to walk without assistance, but her wet clothes clung about her feet, and she nearly fell.

He caught her.

"You must let me help you," he said, and drew her arm within his own.

The party went on toward the house, Sherwood assisted by Lisle and Charlie.

"A rather unfortunate termination of our afternoon pleasure," Almont whispered, with his eyes on Olive's pale and troubled face, "but I do not regret it—for it let me save your life."

The party reached the house, and Olive and Sherwood went to their rooms to get on dry clothes and rest after the excitement of the afternoon.

Neither of them appeared again that day. They came down to breakfast next morning, both of them a trifle pale.

"Good-morning," Senor Almont said, smilingly, as Olive came into the breakfast room. "I hope you have quite recovered from yesterday's excitement and fatigue."

"Thank you; I feel like myself again this morning," she answered. "Let me thank you for what you did yesterday," she added.

"You need not," he said, quickly. "I am only too glad to know that I was of assistance to you. It gave me a chance of proving how much I would risk for your sake."

His eyes seemed to burn her face with the intensity of their gaze. She could not mistake the meaning in his tone.

She turned away with a good-morning to Lucia Lisle who just then entered, and Almont had no chance to continue the conversation further.

After breakfast he followed Olive into the parlor. She was arranging the vases on their brackets, and preparing to fill them with fresh flowers.

"You are going into the garden," he said. "Let me go with you?"

"Oh, there isn't the least need of it," she answered, with a laugh which had an undertone of uneasiness in it. "I can get my flowers alone, I assure you."

"But I want to talk with you," he said.

Of course she could not refuse to grant his request, because she had no reasonable excuse for a refusal.

"Well," she said, "I am ready."

They went down the steps together.

Sherwood was just coming in from a turn in the garden.

Almont shot a keen, mocking glance at his rival as he passed him, but Sherwood ignored it with a calm coolness that was exasperating to the fiery-tempered, hot-headed Cuban.

"Curse him!" he muttered, under his breath. "I wish he had drowned yesterday."

Olive began clipping off roses the moment the garden was reached. She wanted to get back to the house. Every minute alone with this man seemed an hour.

"I told you that I wanted to talk with you," he said, breaking off a cluster of white roses and dropping them into her basket. "Can you guess what I wanted to talk about?"

"How should I?" she asked, trying to appear at ease, but failing in the attempt.

"I thought you might have guessed," he answered.

"I don't believe I am good at guessing," she said, breaking off buds and blossoms with feverish impatience.

"I wanted to tell you that I loved you," he said, slowly.

She did not look up, but she knew that his eyes were watching her face with an intense keenness.

"I—I am sorry to hear you say that," she answered, feeling that some reply was expected of her.

"Sorry? Why?" he asked.

"Because I do not love you," she answered.

Mario Almont's eyes flashed with a sort of concentrated fire.

"Ah! you don't love *me!*" he cried, "but you *do* love that Sherwood. Is that it?"

"I am not under obligation to answer your questions," she answered, angered by his scornful tone. "It does not matter to you whether I love Sherwood or not. I *do not* love *you*, and that is all I have to say about it. I am sorry that you have told me this, Senor Almont, but since we have the matter under consideration, I wish to be plain with you. I cannot return the love which you profess to feel for me, and since we can be no more to each other than we are now, I have not felt at liberty to accept the attentions you have insisted on giving me. You must have seen that they were distasteful to me. Under the circumstances, it was difficult for me to show, except by actions, that I preferred to have you reserve them for some one who could appreciate them, and to whom they would be welcome. I am sorry that you have any regard for me beyond that of friendship. I trust we understand each other now, however, and knowing that I do not return your love, you can forget me."

"Forget you!" he cried, passionately. "You don't know what you are talking about. Love and hate are the strongest feelings in life, and an Almont could no sooner lose one than the other. I will not give you up in this way; never!"

"You forget yourself," she said, growing calm and cool as he grew excited.

"I don't forget that Sherwood stands between you and me," he cried. "I shall not forget that, and I shall not give you up because of it, for I love you, Olive Carhart! Do you hear? I love you!"

He caught her arm in his excitement, and held it in a fierce grasp.

She shuddered and tried to break away from him.

"I won't let you go!" he cried. "I'll never stand aside for *him!*"

"Let go my arm!" she said, sternly. "You are no gentleman. I will call for help unless you let go your hold."

He released her.

"Remember!" he said. "I'm not going to give you up in this way."

"I should like to know the meaning of this violence," said a voice behind them.

They turned, and confronted Allyn Sherwood.

"Eavesdropper!" sneered Almont with flashing eyes.

"I am *not* an eavesdropper," answered Sherwood sternly. "I happened to be walking in the garden, and heard you talking very excitedly, and, not knowing who was with you I looked this way as I came to an opening in the shrubbery, and saw you holding Miss Carhart by the arm, and heard her command you to let her go."

"Quite probable," answered the Cuban with a contemptuous glance.

"You are at liberty to believe it or not, as you see fit," answered Sherwood coolly. "It doesn't make the least difference to me, as I do not value your opinion, and would as lief have your ill-will as your good-will."

"You may change your mind some day," said Almont, threateningly.

"I think not," answered Sherwood. "At least I don't feel any fear as the result of your threat."

"Gentlemen—I beg of you to stop right here," said Olive, coming between them. "It is very unpleasant, to say the least."

"The quarrel was not of my seeking," said Almont, with a dangerous fire smouldering in his eyes. "He forced it upon me!"

"You are mistaken, sir," answered Sherwood, pale but calm. "I merely asked an explanation of the scene I chanced to witness. Your conduct was unbecoming a gentleman. In fact, you are no gentleman, and I will have no further words with you."

"Ah!" sneered Almont, with an evil, cruel smile curling about his lips. "You think I am afraid of you, perhaps. Because you have the advantage of me just at present, you can carry things with a high hand. I hate you, and I'll show you what it is for an Almont to hate."

"Good-morning, sir," answered Sherwood, with infinite disdain in his face. "Olive shall we go back to the house?"

Mario Almont stood and watched them as they went up the path.

"Curse him!" he cried, shaking his clenched hand after Sherwood. "I hate him!"

The man's face was full of evil passions. His hot Cuban blood was on fire. He turned and walked rapidly away from the house to be alone, and think.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The Fair One With Golden Locks."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAY MEREDITH.

"There she is, Frank," eagerly exclaimed Guy Everett. "Did you ever see anything so lovely before?"

"Indeed, no," answered his companion. "Take me up and introduce me. I will promise not to become a rival, but to aid you, if I can."

The introduction was soon effected, and Mr. Maynard asked permission to dance with Miss Graham, which permission was gracefully accorded.

They soon became friends—and when after awhile Blanche Graham was claimed by another partner, Frank left her with regret, and betook himself to his friend Guy.

As the two young men walked home that night, leisurely smoking their cigars, and admiring the moon, which spread its soft light around them, Frank drew from Guy the story of his love for Miss Graham.

"She is very beautiful, you know, Frank, and from the first time I saw her, my heart was hers. You know I never cared much for the ladies—but having once looked on *her* face, I could think of nothing else. Like a fool, I wrote and offered myself.

"She returned me a very civil but cold reply, to the effect that she thought my acquaintance with her hardly warranted my having proposed—but that as I had done so, she could but give me a positive answer in the negative. Of course, there is no chance for me now, and I might as well give up trying to win her affection."

"Give up! Indeed I would do no such thing! 'Faint heart,' etc., you know. Just let me try my hand for you, and I bet I will have the fair one vanquished ere long."

"Try your hand? Why, you scarcely know her—and besides you would be certain to fall in love with her yourself, if you did know her; so there's no use talking about it."

"Guy, here's my hand—and I promise you that not only will I *not* fall in love with Miss Graham, but I will do all in my power to promote your interests. Old friend, you can trust me—can you not?"

The young men looked at one another for a moment, and then with a hearty grip of their hands, separated.

And Frank Maynard was as true as his word. He called frequently on Miss Graham, and soon became one of her special friends. On all occasions he spoke of his friend in the highest terms, and took every opportunity of praising him, until at last Blanche thought that she had undervalued Mr. Everett, and that perhaps she had made a mistake in discarding him.

So easily influenced was she by Frank Maynard's words.

The summer months Blanche usually spent among the mountains, where she enjoyed the pleasure of riding on horseback to her heart's content. A splendid horsewoman she was, and the inhabitants of the village would open their eyes many a summer evening to see this vision of beauty dashing through their quiet streets, her blue riding habit contrasting well with the shower of golden hair falling far down her shoulders, and lovingly caressed by the setting sun, as if his rays were loth to part with anything so bright and beautiful.

Generally she was accompanied by one cavalier, and sometimes by two, but occasionally it happened that she preferred riding alone, when putting her sketch-book and pencil in her pocket, she would choose a quiet spot among the hills, where undisturbed she could copy some of the beauties so lavishly displayed around her.

One day, after a solitary ride of this kind, she was passing through one of the least frequented streets of the village, when her horse suddenly took fright and plunged violently. He would soon have become unmanageable, and undoubtedly she would have been thrown, but for the strong hand of a man who at that moment appeared, and catching the bridle, after a short struggle with the frightened animal, succeeded in calming him.

As Blanche recognized Frank Maynard, she extended her hand and said in a low voice:

"Mr. Maynard, you may have saved my life, and heaven knows how grateful I am. Accept my warmest thanks for the service you have rendered me, and if there is anything I can do for you, do not hesitate to call upon me."

Frank answered her in a few words, and saying he would see her in the evening, raised his hat and left her.

Blanche rode slowly homeward. Was she thinking of Frank Maynard, of Guy Everett, or of whom?

In the evening, when Frank called, he found Blanche as charming as ever, and again he spoke of his friend Guy.

"Miss Blanche, did you not say that if you could do anything for me you would? Well, then, you can, by promising to look favorably on the suit of my friend Everett. It may seem strange that I should plead his cause—"

"Indeed it does seem strange, Mr. Maynard," she interrupted, "and if Mr. Everett has asked you to undertake the task of winning my affection for him, you can assure him at once that such an effort on your part is entirely unavailing."

Here Frank hastened to assure her that no such task had been imposed upon him, and that it was simply his interest in his friend which had prompted his remarks.

"Poor Guy," he continued, "is so afraid that he has offended you, that he scarcely dares trust himself in your presence. Promise me that if I bring him here to-morrow you will be kind to him."

She looked at him for a moment, and then gave the promise.

And after that first visit he came again and again. Frank gave his place to his friend, and when the long summer days had drawn to a close, and the falling leaves betokened the near approach of Autumn, Blanche Graham placed her hand in Guy Everett's, and said she would be his wife.

Did she love him? Perhaps she thought so, but had she examined her heart more thoroughly, would she not have found that the desire to please the one she really cared for had induced her to give herself to his friend?

And so when Spring-time came once more they were married. Blanche's new home was a pretty one, and Frank Maynard found it pleasant to lounge into his friend's parlor in the evenings, and find his friend's wife ready to talk to him. And so the days passed on, and Blanche had been married several months. She often spoke of Frank in the highest terms to her husband, and sometimes said that but for his friend he might never have won her. No wonder then that Guy became jealous, and soon Frank saw that his frequent visits were no longer acceptable. He discontinued them, and though it seemed as if a ray of sunshine had faded from his life, he still struggled on, thinking he had nothing with which to reproach himself. But was not his voluntary promise to his friend a mistake in the beginning?

And now Blanche pined and faded away. "She loved him," thought her husband, and then he determined to take her to Europe, thinking the change of air would benefit her, and hoping that if once far removed from Frank she would forget him.

So to Europe they went, but while there Guy was taken suddenly ill, and almost before she knew it Blanche Everett was left a widow.

She never knew how Frank found her, but one day some time after her husband's death he came to her, and taking her in his arms, whispered:

"My darling, can you love me, can you be mine? Heaven forgive me the mistake I made in pressing my friend's suit instead of my own. Tell me, dear one, may I not some day become your husband?"

She looked up at him through the tears that filled her eyes, and in that glance he read his answer.

Dear reader, do you remember the fairy tales of your childhood? It never occurred to you then, did it, that in after life you might come across persons who, should they choose to reveal their past, might weave you a story as full of interest even as that of "The fair one with golden locks?"

ON THE TRAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

He got in at Broomfield Station. He was a short, stout, rosy-faced man, dressed in a full suit of shining broadcloth, and likewise sporting a cable-like gold watch-chain, as well as a huge seal ring.

The train was just starting, and he walked unsteadily up the car and took a seat opposite me. Having carefully arranged his satchel in the rack, he seemed to bend all the powers of his body and mind to one object—that of looking as good-natured as possible.

It is not my custom to fraternize with strangers; besides, I was thinking of the thousand dollars I had in my left breast pocket. It was a sudden windfall; I had given it up as a bad debt, but to my great delight and surprise the principal and interest had been paid that day.

"I'll say nothing about it to Maria or the girls," I thought, "for they'll plague the life out of me if I do. Maria will be certain to want new parlor furniture, and the girls will have nothing to wear as soon as they hear of the cash."

Maria was my wife—now no more, alas!—and "the girls" are my two daughters—the daughters of Job Boller, in the dry goods line, of Orton, at your service.

"It was only the other day," I soliloquized, "that Evangeline hinted something about the piano being very old and jangling, and Clementina suggested that a bow window at the back of the house and a couple of balconies in front would be marvellous improvements. If they find I've got any ready money, they'll discover a dozen more wants, so, instead of getting out at Orton, I'll just go on to Temperville and deposit the money there. The Temperville Bank is the safest in the Union. When I get home, I'll say nothing at all about it." And I carefully felt the left breast outside pocket of my coat to assure myself that my pocket-book was still there.

"Fine day, sir—lovely day," said the little, stout man opposite me, smiling radiantly.

I said yes.

The little stout man then made a number of remarks about the crops and the weather, but I gave him no encouragement. Not at all daunted, he offered me a fine Habana, at least he said it was a fine one.

I told him I didn't smoke.

He smiled sweetly out the car window at the flying trees and barns for a few minutes, and then drawing a yellow-covered pamphlet from one of his pockets, he asked if I'd like to read the new novel, called "Red-headed Bill; or, the Bloody Bandit of the Burning—"

I informed him I didn't read such trash.

In reply he grinned calmly, and returned the book to his pocket. After a short interval, during which I eyed him severely, he drew forth a snuff-box, and with a polite bow handed it to me.

If I have a weakness, that weakness is for snuff, so I took a pinch. The ice was broken by that pinch. I began to regard the little man from a more charitable point of view.

"I'm a man, sir—" he said, pausing to stuff his short nasal promontory with the precious dust, "I'm a man, sir—"

"I don't doubt it," I said.

"I'm a man—real Scotch, sir—have another pinch?—I'm a man that's seen a great deal of life. Bless you!—though I say it who oughtn't to say it—I'm well off now, but when I was young I had to take things rough and ready, I tell you! About four years after I married Sally Hipkins," he continued, growing confidential, "we concluded to move down South. You see, my wife Sal was a smart woman. It was her idea that civilization was playing bob with the North. 'There's too many people up here,' says she; 'the world owes us a living, let's go and get it where there's more room.'"

The little man appeared to me to be a good-natured simpleton, so I endured his babble, even going so far as to smile condescendingly.

"Well, after Sally said that," he continued, "she gave me no peace until I consented to sell off the greater part of our goods and chattels and start for Texas. We were five in all, Sally and I, our youngsters, Bob and Lizzie, and a small colored boy named Ike. I don't know where *he* came from, or whom he belonged to, but as he was just lying around loose, we took him with us. He was a genius, *I* tell you!

"The steam cars took us part of the way, and when that portion of our journey was finished, I bought a large white-covered wagon and two mules, to cross the plains with a train of emigrants. We travelled very comfortably—that is, if it wasn't for the young ones' appetites. The prairie air made 'em ravenous, and if Sally hadn't kept guard over the victuals day and night, we would have run out of provisions long before we reached our destination. As for that Ike, he'd have licked the grease off the wagon wheels, if I hadn't watched him. Fact!

"At last we settled down near the Azul River. With the help of Bob and Ike I threw up a passable kind of shanty, and by using a little whitewash, and transplanting vines from the woods, Sally made quite a pretty place of it.

"For awhile we prospered. I got together a considerable lot of cattle, and was thinking of building a better house, when one day I heard the Comanches, a number of whom were at that time in our neighborhood, were preparing for a grand buffalo hunt—"

At this point in his narrative the little man was rudely interrupted by one of those perambulating newsboys who infest railway trains. This young wretch was calmly scattering pamphlets, varying in weight from three pounds to one, over the passengers. He buried my short neighbor beneath a pile of illustrated papers, and then walked on, happy in the sublime consciousness of having done his duty.

Having finally disembarrassed himself of this load, the little man changed his seat, coming over and sitting down beside me.

"Ah, this is better! We won't be interrupted now," he said. "Where was I? Oh, yes. The Indians were getting ready for a buffalo hunt. Well, I never had any prejudice against the redskins. When they were around, I minded my own business and they minded theirs. Sometimes we did a little in the way of trade—a drop of whiskey for anything I might fancy, you know. As matters stood, I did not see any objection to my joining the hunt, so I went.

"It was fine sport. I had a good horse and a rifle that was a rifle, and I enjoyed the fun immensely. Toward sunset Black Plume and I had distanced the rest, and were both in pursuit of a splendid bull. Black Plume was a chief, and the best rider of the lot—great praise when you consider the 'lot' were Comanches.

"Naturally, we each exerted every nerve to get the best shot at that animal. Watching my opportunity, I took aim and fired. The bullet rebounded from the creature's rough hide, and wounded the chief in the right foot. The wound was slight, but Black Plume never forgave me for having been the cause of it. Perhaps the fact that I fired first at the buffalo had excited his hatred as much as anything else. I cannot forget the vengeful glare that shone in his eyes as he turned and rode away, with a small stream of blood trickling from his wound.

"One day, about dinner time, I had just reached our shanty after a hard morning's ride, and we were sitting down to the meal, when Ike rushed in, his face fairly gray from fright.

"'Massa—injuns—Comanche—cattle!' he gasped, and then, unable to say more, stood trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I took him by the shoulder and shook him, but as that only made his speech more incoherent, I went to the door and looked out. The cause of Ike's agitation was explained. About a dozen Indians, with Black Plume at their head, were approaching the house. Several others were driving off my cattle.

"The life of a herdsman of the plains is by no means devoid of risk. I had become used to danger. I turned to my wife, saying:

"'Make for Rosito Ranch, Sal! Hurry up! Get through the woods as fast as you can, and I'll cover your retreat.'

"To remain in the house would be certain death, I knew. Sally never thought of disobeying me, but snatching the two children by the hand, and followed by Ike, she was off like a flash.

"As soon as the Comanches came sufficiently near, I fired shot after shot, as fast as I could load, through the window. The redskins stopped to consult.

"While they were consulting, I looked out the back door, and saw that Sally and the youngsters were lost to view in the wood. I remembered then that I had tethered my horse under the shed in the rear of the house. I ran out and sprang on his back. The redskins caught sight of me, and gave chase. Of course I led them in the direction opposite to the wood."

"Bravo!" I—Job Boller—exclaimed, thinking that I'd act in the same way if the safety of Maria, Evangeline, and Clementina was concerned, and for a moment losing all recollection of the money in my left breast pocket.

"Such a chase!" the little man continued; "the varied feelings of a lifetime were crowded into that brief space of time. When we reached the banks of the Azul, my pursuers were gaining rapidly upon me. I felt that in another moment I would be at Black Plume's mercy. I urged my horse into the stream. He made a sudden plunge; I lost my seat, and was carried along by the current. At first I exerted myself just enough to keep afloat, but when the cries of the redskins grew very faint in the distance, I swam toward the shore, and finally crawled up the steep bank.

"But I found that I had got out of the fire into the frying-pan. To reach Rosito Ranch it would be necessary to pass through the part of the country where the redskins were the thickest at present. I knew that in a few days they would be dispersed, following the trail of the buffalo.

"Lying down in the sun's hot rays to dry, I reflected, and came to the conclusion that it would be best to remain where I was until I should see a fair prospect of safely reaching the Ranch.

"The river had worn a huge hollow between two rocks just below the brink of the bank. This hollow was partially covered by matted roots and the trunk of a dead tree. It was summer, and the stream had sunk considerably, leaving the hole almost dry. I went to work to form a dwelling-place in it. After an hour's work, I was able to establish myself quite comfortably.

"Of course I was not without flint and steel. I built a small fire down there, making sure that the smoke would not be perceived from the opposite bank. If it had been seen, I do not think it would have caused any risk to me, for I could see the smoke from Indian fires in every direction. I began to think about something to eat. My rifle was at the bottom of the Azul. Necessity stimulates invention marvellously. Out of a piece of the tough wood of the dead tree, I made a bow—a piece of my hunting-shirt twisted tightly, formed the cord. The pocket-case I usually carried was well-furnished with stout fish-hooks: with these, and some reeds from the shallower part of the river, I improvised tolerable arrows.

"Plenty of small game bit the dust—and I even managed to kill a buck that came down to drink. The flesh of the latter I divided into portions, and left them to dry in the rare, clear air.

"By the time I had completed these arrangements, sunset was near, and, exhausted by the exertions of the day, I drifted into sleep.

"The sun was pretty high up when I awoke the next day. I was hungry, and I resolved to make my breakfast of the drying venison. I had hung the quarters to the pendant limb of a tree, just above on the bank, out of the reach of any four-footed animal. My surprise was great to find that no vestige of the meat remained. It had disappeared in the night. A little reflection convinced me that no redskin had thus kindly relieved me of my morning meal. An Indian—if one of Black Plume's party—would have scented out my hiding-place, and taken my scalp as well. Without wasting my time in fruitless conjectures, I proceeded to supply my want of food by knocking over a brace of pigeons, and fortunately, an antelope. I cut the antelope up for drying, hung the quarters to the tree, and resolved to watch during the night—for I was curious about the nocturnal robber.

"Although feeling rather drowsy, I put my resolution into effect, and lay down in a pile of bushes to watch for the coming of the thief.

"About midnight I heard a rustling as of some large animal making its way through the underbrush. I watched and waited. The moon cast a shower of bright gleams through the interlaced boughs, and I saw a good-sized wolf making for the tree where the meat hung. He raised himself on his two hind feet and seized the venison with his front paws. I pulled my bow-string and sent an arrow at him. With a thrilling cry, he fell backward. That cry startled me; I rushed from my concealment, and saw, instead of a dead animal, the negro boy, Ike, lying prostrate, half-wrapped in a wolf-skin!

"'Ike!' I cried, 'what brings you here? Where's your mistress? Are you hurt?'

"'I'm killed,' groaned Ike. 'Is it you, massa? I thought it was one of dem trappers hidin' here. Missus and de children lose de way, and couldn't git to de Ranch. Dey're down yonder in de wood, and nothin' to eat; so I jist put on dat yere ole skin—thinkin' no one would waste powder on a wolf—and stole your deer-meat. Oh, golly! I'm a gone coon! sure!'

"I bent down to see the wound. His skin was slightly broken on one shoulder—the wolf-skin had shielded him. I found my family—but excuse me an instant—I see a friend on the platform. I'll be back in a short time—important business." The little man hastened from the car, leaving me to ru-

minate on his story. It had been interesting—aided by his tones and expressions—and I impatiently awaited his return. While turning the narrative over in my mind, I mechanically placed my hand on my left breast-pocket. There was no pocket-book there! I searched my seat and the floor around me. No trace of it.

Jumping up, I called out,

"Conductor, I've been robbed! I've lost a thousand dollars!"

"The man's an idjut!" said an old lady near me. "It's all got up to frighten people. I don't believe he had any money."

The conductor heard my story, and took things very coolly. "By the by," he asked, "who sat with you on this seat?"

I described the little man.

"And he was very agreeable, and kept joking and telling you his adventures?"

"He entertained me with a narrative about his life in Texas."

"By Jove! It's Bill Perkins at his old tricks. He's just out of the penitentiary, and the most skillful pickpocket on this road. The police may be able to help you, but I doubt it."

Cold comfort!

At all events, I determined not to tell Maria or the girls of my loss. When the cars stopped at Temperville, I took the return train for Orton. In the same car I found the old lady who had expressed a very low estimate of my mental faculties. She had intended to get out at Orton, but by mistake had gone on to Temperville, it seemed.

On reaching home, I endeavored to compose my face into something like serenity. I succeeded indifferently. I had hardly entered the sitting-room, when the door-bell rang, and the old lady I have mentioned was ushered in. She was my Nemesis.

"Dear Aunt Mehitable!" cried my wife, "so unexpected!"

"Why, I declare, Marier, if here ain't the man that said he lost a thousand dollars in the cars," said Aunt Mehitable, staring at me through her spectacles.

She had never been introduced to her niece's husband before. Of course I had to explain. When I had finished there was a dead silence.

Clementina burst into tears, and said pathetically, "Now we can't have a bow-ow window!"

Evangeline put her hand on her heart, half-fainted, and murmured, "My new polonaise—blue silk—lost—no hope!"

Maria stood for an instant in silent indignation. "It's all through your abominable selfishness, Mr. Beller. If you had brought that money home to the bosom of your family, sir, you'd not have lost it!"

Aunt Mehitable merely muttered, "An idjut—I thought so!"

I never recovered that thousand dollars, and to this day have not heard the last of it.

Moral No. 1—Never carry money in your outside breast pocket.

Moral No. 2—Never keep a secret from your wife, for she will be sure to find it out, in spite of all you can do.

ONE DAY AT ARLE.

BY FANNIE E. HODGSON.

One day at Arle—a tiny scattered fishing hamlet on the northwestern English coast—there stood at the door of one of the cottages near the shore, a woman leaning against the lintel-post and looking out—a woman who would have been apt to attract a stranger's eye, too—a woman young and handsome. This was what a first glance would have taken in; a second would have been apt to teach more and leave a less pleasant impression. She was young enough to have been girlish, but she was not girlish in the least. Her tall, lithe, well-knit figure was braced against the door-post with a tense sort of strength; her handsome face was just at this time as dark and hard in expression as if she had been a woman with years of bitter life behind her; her handsome brows were knit, her lips were set; from head to foot she looked unyielding and stern of purpose.

And neither form nor face belied her. The earliest remembrances of the coast people concerning Meg Lonas had not been over-pleasant ones. She had never been a favorite among them. The truth was they had half-feared her, even as the silent, dogged, neglected child who used to wander up and down among the rocks and on the beach, working harder for her scant living than the oldest of them. She had never a word for them, and never satisfied their curiosity upon the subject of the treatment she received from the ill-conditioned old grandfather who was her only living relative, and this last peculiarity had rendered her more unpopular than anything else would have done. If she had answered their questions they might have pitied her; but as she chose to meet them with stubborn silence, they managed to show their dislike in many ways, until at last it became a settled point among them that the girl was an outcast in their midst. But even in those days she gave them back wrong for wrong and scorn for scorn; and as she grew older she grew stronger of will, less prone to forgive her many injuries and slights, and more prone to revenge them in an obstinate, bitter fashion. But as she grew older she grew handsomer too, and the fisher boys who had jeered at her in her childhood were anxious enough to gain her good-will.

The women flouted her still, and she defied them openly; the men found it wisest to be humble in their rough style, and her defiance of them was more scornful than her defiance of their mothers and sisters. She would revenge herself upon them, and did, until at last she met a wooer who was tender enough, it seemed, to move her. At least so people said at first; but suddenly the lover disappeared, and two or three months later the whole community was electrified by her sudden marriage with a suitor whom she had been wont to treat worse than all the rest. How she treated him after the marriage nobody knew. She was more defiant and silent than ever, and gossipers gained nothing by asking questions. So at last she was left alone.

It was not the face of a tender wife waiting for a loving husband, the face that was turned toward the sea. If she had hated the man for whom she watched she could not have seemed more unbending. Ever since her visitor had left her (she had had a visitor during the morning) she had stood in the same place, even in the same position, without moving, and when at last the figure of her husband came slouching across the sands homeward she remained motionless still.

And surely his was not the face of a happy husband. Not a handsome face at its dull best, it was doubly unprepossessing then, as pale and breathless, he passed the stern form in the door-way, his nervous, reluctant eyes avoiding hers.

"Yo'll find yo're dinner aw ready on th' table," she said to him as he passed in.

Everything was neat enough inside. The fireplace was clean and bright, the table was set tidily, and the meal upon it was good enough in its way; but when the man entered he cast an unsteady, uncomprehending glance around, and when he had flung himself into a chair he did not attempt to touch the food, but dropped his face upon his arm on the table with a sound like a little groan.

She must have heard it, but she did not notice it even by a turn of her head, but stood erect and steadfast until he spoke to her. She might have been waiting for his words—perhaps she was.

"Tha canst come in an' say what tha has to say an' be done wi' it," he said at last, in a sullen, worn-out fashion.

She turned round then and faced him, harder to be met in her rigid mood than if she had been a tempest.

"Tha knows what I ha' getten to say," she answered, her tone strained and husky with repressed fierceness. "Aye! tha knows it well enough. I ha' not much need to tell thee owt. He comn here this morning an' he towd me aw I want to know about thee, Seth Lonas—an' more too."

"He comn to me," put in the man.

She advanced toward the table and struck it once with her hand.

"Tha's towd me a power o' lies," she said. "Tha's lied to me fro' first to last to serve thy own eends, an' tha'st gained 'em—tha'st lied me away fro th' man as wur aw th' world to me, but th' time's comn now when thy day's o'er an' his is comn agen. Ah! thou bitter villin! Does ta mind how tha comn an' towd me Dan Morgan had gone to th' fair at Lake wi' that lass o' Barnegat's? That wor a lie an' that wor th' beginnin'. Does ta mind how tha towd me as he made light o' me when th' lads an' lasses plagued him, an' threeped 'em down as he didna mean to marry no such like lass as me—him as wor ready to dee fur me? That wor a lie an' that wor th' eendin', as tha knew it would be, fur I spurned him fro' me th' very neext day, an' wouldna listen when he tried to straighten out. But he got at th' truth at last when he wor fur fro' here, an' he browt th' truth back to me to-day, an' theer's th' eend fur thee—husband or no."

The man lay with his head upon his arms until she had finished, and then he looked up all white and shaken and blind.

"Wilt ta listen if I speak to thee?" he asked.

"Aye," she answered, "listen to more lies!"

And she slipped down into a sitting posture on the stone door-step, and sat there, her great eyes staring out seaward, her hands lying loose upon her knee, and trembling.

There was something more in her mood than resentment. In this simple gesture she had broken down as she had never broken down in her life before. There was passionate grief in her face, a wild sort of despair, such as one might see in a suddenly wounded, untamed creature. Hers was not a fair nature. I am not telling the story of a gentle, true-souled woman; I am simply relating the incidents of one bitter day whose tragic close was the ending of a rough romance.

Her life had been a long battle against the world's scorn; she had been either on the offensive or the defensive from childhood to womanhood, and then she had caught one glimpse of light and warmth, clung to it yearningly for one brief hour, and lost it.

Only to-day she had learned that she had lost it through treachery. She had not dared to believe in her bliss, even during its fairest existence; and so, when light-hearted, handsome Dan Morgan's rival had worked against him with false stories and false proofs, her fierce pride had caught at them, and her revenge had been swift and sharp. But it had fallen back upon her own head now. This very morning handsome Dan had come back again to Arle, and earned his revenge, too, though he had only meant to clear himself when he told her what chance had brought to light. He had come back—her lover, the man who had conquered and sweetened her bitter nature as nothing else on earth had power to do—he had come back and found her what she was—the wife of a man for whom she had never cared, the wife of the man who had played them both false, and robbed her of the one poor gleam of joy she had known. She had been hard and wild enough at first, but just now, when she slipped down upon the door-step with her back turned to the wretched man within—when it came upon her that, traitor as he was, she herself had given him the right to take her bright-faced lover's place, and usurp his tender power—when the fresh sea-breeze blew upon her face and stirred her hair, and the warm, rare sunshine touched her, even breeze and sunshine helped her to the end, so that she broke down into a sharp, sharp sob, as any other woman might have done, only that the repressed strength of her poor warped nature made it a sob sharper and deeper than another woman's would have been.

"Yo mought ha' left me that!" she said. "Yo mought ha' left it to me! There wur other women as would ha' done yo, there wur no other man on earth as would do me. Yo knowed what my life had been, an' how it wur hand to hand between other folk an' me. Yo knowed how much I cared for him an' what he wur to me. Yo mought ha' let us be. I nivver harmed yo. I wouldna harm yo so sinful cruel now."

"Wilt ta listen?" he asked, laboring as if for breath.

"Aye," she answered him, "I'll listen, fur tha canna hurt me worser. Th' day fur that's past an' gone."

"Well," said he, "listen an' I'll try to tell yo. I know it's no use, but I mun say a word or two. Happen yo didna know I loved yo aw' yo're life—happen yo didna, but it's true. When yo wor a little lass gatherin' sea-weed on th' sands I watched yo when I wor afeared to speak—afeared lest yo'd gi' me a sharp answer, fur yo wor ready enow wi' 'em, wench. I've watched yo fur hours when I wur a great lubberly lad, an' when yo gettin' to be a woman it wur th' same thing. I watched yo an' did yo many a turn as yo knowed nowt about. When yo wor searchin' fur drift to keep up th' fire after th' owd mon died an left yo alone, happen yo nivver guessed as it wor me as heaped little piles i' th' nooks o' th' rocks so as you'd think 'at th' tide had left it theer—happen yo didn't, but it wor true. I've stayed round th' old house many a neet feared summat mought harm yo, an yo know yo nivver gave me a good word, Meg. An' then Dan comn an' he made way wi' yo as he made way wi' aw th' rest—men an' women an' children. He nivver worked an' waited as I did—he nivver thowt an' prayed as I did; everything come easy wi' him—everything allus did come easy wi' him, an' when I seed him so light-hearted an' careless about what I wor cravin' it run me daft an' blind. Seemt like he couldna cling to it like I did, an' I begun to fight agen it, an' when I heerd about that lass o' Barnegats I towd you, an' when I seen yo believed what I didna believe mysen it run me dafter yet, an' I put more to what he said, an' held back some, an' theer it wor an' theer it stands, an' if I've earnt a curse, lass, I've getten it, fur—fur I thowt yo'd been learnin' to care fur me a bit sin' we wor wed, an' God knows I've tried to treat yo fair an' kind i' my poor way. It worna Dan Morgan's way, I know—his wur a better way than mine, th' sun shone on him somehow—but I've done my best an' truest sin'."

"Yo've done yo're worst," she said. "Th' worst yo could do wor to part us, an' yo did it. If yo'd been half a mon yo wouldna ha' been content wi' a woman yo'd trapped with sayin' 'Aye,' an' who cared less for yo than she did fur th' sand on th' sea-shore. What's what yo've done sin' to what yo did afore? Yo cannot wipe that out an' yo cannot mak' me forget. I hate yo, an' th' worse because I wor beginnin' to be content a bit. I hate mysen. I ought to ha' knowed"—wildly—"he would ha' knowed whether I wor true or false, poor chap—he would ha' knowed."

She rocked herself to and fro for a minute, wringing her hand in a passion of anguish worse than any words, but a minute later she turned on him all at once.

"All 's o'er between yo an' me," she said with fierce heat; "do yo know that? If yo wor half a men yo would."

He sat up and stared at her humbly and stupidly.

"Eh?" he said at last.

"Theer's not a mon i' Arle as is not more to me now than tha art," she said. "Some on 'em be honest, an' I canna say that o' thee. Tha canst get thee gone or I'll go mysen. Tha know'st me well enow to know I'll ne'er forgie thee for what tha's done. Aye"—with the passionate hand-wringing again—"but that wunnot undo it."

He rose and came to her, trembling like a man with the ague.

"Yo dunnot mean that theer, Meg," he said slowly. "Yo dunnot mean it word fur word. Think a bit."

"Aye but I do," she answered him, setting her white teeth, "word fur word."

"Think again, wench." And this time he staggered and caught hold of the door-post. "Is theer nowt as 'll go agen th' wrong? I've lived wi' thee nigh a year, an' I've loved thee twenty—is theer nowt fur me? Aye, lass, dunnot be too hard. Tha was allus harder than most womankind; try an' be a bit softer like to'rds th' man as risked his soul because he war a mon an' darena lose thee. Tha laid thy head on my shoulder last neet. Aye, lass—lass, think o' that fur one minnit."

Perhaps she did think of it, for surely she faltered a little—what woman would not have faltered at such a moment?—but the next, the memory of the sunny half-boyish face she had clung to with so strong a love, rushed back upon her and struck her to the heart. She remembered the days when her life had seemed so full that she had feared her own bliss; she remembered the gallant speeches and light-hearted wiles, and all at once she cried out in a fierce impassioned voice: "I'll ne'er forgie thee," she said—"I'll ne'er forgie thee to th' last day o' my life. What for should I? Tha's broke my heart, thou villain—tha's broke my heart." And the next minute she had pushed past him and rushed into the house.

For a minute or so after she was gone the man stood leaning against the door with a dazed look in his pale face. She meant what she said: he had known her long enough to understand that she never forgave—never forgot. Her unbroken will and stubborn strength had held her to enmities all her life, and he knew she was not to be won by such things as won other women. He knew she was harder than most women, but his dull nature could not teach him how bitter must have been the life that rendered her so. He had never thought of it—he did not think of it now. He was not blaming her, and he was scarcely blaming himself. He had tried to make her happy and had failed. There were two causes for the heavy passion of misery that was ruling him, but neither of them was remorse.

His treachery had betrayed him, and he had lost the woman he had loved and worked for. Soul and body were sluggish alike, but each had its dull pang of weight and wretchedness.

"I've come to th' eend now surely," he said, and, dropping into her seat, he hid his face.

As he sat there a choking lump rose in his throat with a sudden clink, and in a minute or so more he was wiping away hot rolling tears with the back of his rough hand.

"I'm forsook somehow," he said—"aye, I'm forsook. I'm not th' soart o' chap to tak' up wi' th' world. She wor all th' world I cared fur, an' she'll ne'er forgie me, for she's a hard un—she is. Aye! but I wur fond o' her! I wonder what she'll do—I do wonder i' my soul what she's gettin' her mind on!"

It did not occur to him to call to her or go and see what she was doing. He had always stood in some dull awe of her, even when she had been kindest, and now it seemed that they were too far apart for any possibility of approach at reconciliation. So he sat and pondered heavily, the sea air blowing upon him fresh and sweet, the sun shining soft and warm upon the house, and on the few common flowers in the strip of garden whose narrow shell walks and borders he had laid out for her himself with much clumsy planning and slow labor.

Then he got up and took his rough working-jacket over his arm.

"I mun go down to th' Mary Anne," he said, "an' work a bit, or we'll no'er get her turned o'er afore th' tide comes in. That boat's a moit o' trouble." And he sighed heavily.

Half-way to the gate he stopped before a cluster of ground honeysuckle, and perhaps for the first time in his life was conscious of a sudden curious admiration for them.

"She's powerful fond o' such like bits o' things—posies an' such like," he said. "Theme some as I planted to please her on th' very day as we were wed. I'll tak' one or two. She's most fond on 'em—fur such a hard un."

And when he went out he held in his hand two or three slender stems hung with the tiny pretty humble bells. Who knows whether some subtle influence at work in soul or body, or even the air he breathed, did not prompt the novel mood.

* * * * *

He had these very bits of simple blossoms in his hand when he went down to where the Mary Anne lay on the beach for repairs. So his fellow-workmen said when they told the story afterward, remembering even this trivial incident.

He was in a strange frame of mind, too, they noticed, silent and heavy and absent. He did not work well, but lagged over his labor, stopping every now and then to pass the back of his hand over his brow as if to rouse himself.

"Yo look as if yo an' th' missus had had a fallin' out an' yo'n getten th' worst o' th' bargain," one of his comrades said by way of rough jest.

They were fond of joking with him about his love for his handsome taciturn wife. But he did not laugh this time as he usually did.

"Mind thy own tackle, lad," he said dully, "an' I'll mind mine."

From that time he worked steadily among them until it was nearly time for the tide to rise. The boat they were repairing had been a difficult job to manage, as they could only work between tides, and now being hurried they lingered longer than usual. At the last minute they found it must be moved, and so were detained.

"Better leave her until th' tide ebbs," said one, but the rest were not of the same mind.

"Nay," they argued, "it'll be all to do o'er again if we do that. Theer's plenty o' time if we look sharp enow. Heave again, lads."

Then it was that with the help of straining and tugging there came a little lurch, and then it was that as the Mary Anne slipped over on her side one of the workers slipped with her, slipped half underneath her with a cry, and lay on the sand, held down by the weight that rested on him.

With this cry there broke out half a dozen others, and the men rushed up to him with frightened faces.

"Are yo hurt, Seth, lad?" they cried. "Are yo crushed or owt?"

The poor fellow stirred a little and then looked up at them pale enough.

"Bruised a bit," he answered them, "an' sick a bit, but I dunnot think theer's any bones broke. Look sharp, chaps, an' heave her up. She's a moit o' weight on me."

They went to work again one and all, so relieved by his words that they were doubly strong, but after toiling like giants for awhile they were compelled to pause for breath. In falling the boat had so buried herself in the sand that she was harder to move than ever. It had seemed simple enough at first, but it was not so simple, after all. With all their efforts they had scarcely stirred her an inch, and their comrade's position interfered with almost every plan suggested. Then they tried again, but this time with less effect than before, through their fatigue. When they were obliged to pause they looked at each other questioningly, and more than one of them turned a trifle paler, and at last the wisest of them spoke out.

"Lads," he said, "we canna do this oursens. Run for help, Jem Coulter, an' run wi' thy might, fur it wunnot be so long afore th' tide 'll flow."

Up to this time the man on the sands had lain with closed eyes and set teeth, but when he heard this his eyes opened and he looked up.

"Eh?" he said, in that blind, stupid fashion. "What's that theer tha's sayin', Master?"

"Th' tide," blundered the speaker. "I wor tellin' him to look sharp, that's aw."

The poor fellow moved restlessly.

"Aye! Aye!" he said. "Look sharp—he mun do that. I didna think o' th tide." And he shut his eyes again with a faint groan.

They strove while the messenger was gone; they strove when he returned with assistance; they strove with might and main, until not a man among them had the strength of a child, and the boldest of them were blanching with a fearful, furtive excitement none dared to show. A crowd had gathered round by this time—men willing and anxious to help, women suggesting new ideas and comforting the wounded man in rough, earnest style, children clinging to their mothers' gowns and looking on terror-stricken. Suddenly, in the midst of one of their mightiest efforts, a sharp, childish voice piped out from the edge of an anxious group a brief warning that struck terror into every heart that beat among them.

"Eh! Mesters!" it said, "th' tide's creepin' up a bit."

The men looked round with throbbing pulses, the women looked also, and one of the younger ones broke into a low cry. "Lord ha' mercy!" she said, "it'll sweep around th' Head afore long, an'—an'—" and she ended with a terror in her voice which told its own tale without other words.

The truth forced itself upon them all then. Women began to shriek and men to pray, but, strange to say, the man whose life was at stake lay silent, though with ashen lips about which the muscles were tensely drawn.

His dull eyes searched every group in a dead despair that was yet a passion, in all its stillness.

"How long will it be?" he asked slowly at last—"th' tide? Twenty minutes?"

"Happen so," was the answer. "An', lad, lad! we canna help thee. We'n tried our best, lad"—with sobs even from the uncouth fellow who spoke. "Theer is na one on us but ud leave a limb behind to save thee, but theer is na time—theer is na—"

One deep groan and he lay still again—quite still. God knows what weight of mortal agony and desperate terror crushed him in that dead, helpless pause.

Then his eyes opened as before.

"I've thowt o' deein'," he said, with a queer catch of his breath; "I've thowt o' deein', an' I've wondered how it wor an' what it felt like. I never thowt o' deein' like this here."

Another pause, and then—

"Which o' yo lads 'll tell my missus?"

"Ay, poor chap, poor chap!" wailed the women. "Who on 'em will!"

"Howd tha noise, wenches," he said hoarsely. "Yo daze me. Theer is na time to bring her here. I'd ha' liked to ha' said a word to her, I'd ha' liked to ha' said one word; Jem Coulter—" raising his voice—"canst tha say it fur me?"

"Ay," cried the man, choking as he spoke, "surely, surely." And he knelt down.

"Tell her 'at if it wor bad enow—this here—it wor not so bad as it mought ha' been—fur *me*. I mought ha' fun it worser. Tell her I'd like to ha' said a word if I could—but I couldna. I'd like to ha' heard her say one word as happen she would ha' said if she'd been here, an' tell her 'at if she had ha' said it, th' tide mought ha' comn an' welcome—but she didna, and theer it stands." And the sob that burst from his breast was like the sob of a death-stricken child. "Happen"—he said next—"happen one o' yo women foak say a bit o' a prayer—yo're not so fur fro' safe sand but yo can reach it—happen one o' yo ha' a word or two as yo could say—such like as yo teach yo're babbies."

Among these was one who had—thank God, thank God!—and so, amid wails and weeping, rough men and little children alike knelt with uncovered heads and hidden eyes while this one woman faltered the prayer that was a prayer for a dying man; and when it was ended, and all rose glancing fearfully at the white line of creeping foam, this dying man for whom they had prayed lay upon his death-bed of sand the quietest of them all—quiet, with a strange calm.

"Bring me my jacket," he said, "an' lay it o'er my face. Theer's a bit o' posie in th' button-hole. I getten it out o' th' missus's garden when I comn away. I'd like to hold it i' my hand if it's theer yet."

And as the long line of white came creeping onward they hurriedly did as he told them—laid the rough garment over his face, and gave him the humble dying flowers to hold, and having done this and lingered to the last moment, one after the other dropped away with awe-stricken souls until the last was gone. And under the arch of sunny sky the little shining waves ran up the beach, chasing each other over the glittering sand, catching at shells and sea-weed, toying with them for a moment and then leaving them, rippling and curling and whispering, but creeping—creeping—creeping.

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They gave his message to the woman he had loved with all the desperate strength of his dull yet unchanging nature; and when the man who gave it to her saw her wild, white face and hard-set lips, he blundered upon some dim guess as to what that single word might have been, but the sharpest of them never knew the stubborn anguish that, following and growing day by day, crushed her fierce will and shook her heart. She was as hard as ever, they thought; but they were none of them the men or women to guess at the long-dormant instinct of womanhood and remorse that the tragedy of this one day of her life had awakened. She had said she would never forgive him, and perhaps her very strength made it long before she did; but surely some subtle chord was touched by those heavy last words, for when, months later, her first love came back, faithful and tender, with his old tale to tell, she would not listen.

"Nay, lad," she said, "I amna a feather to blow wi' th' wind. I've had my share o' trouble wi' men foak, an' I ha' no mind to try again. Him as lies i' th' churchyard loved me i' his way—men foak's way is apt to be a poor un—an' I'm wore out wi' life. Dunnot come here courtin'—tak' a better woman." —*Scribner's Monthly.*

LIGHTNING AS VIEWED FROM ABOVE THE CLOUDS.—Mr. Jackson, who made an ascent in a balloon from the Derby arboretum during a thunder storm recently, sends to the Derby Mercury an account of what he saw: "I believe I witnessed a sight that has never been seen before. In one direction the black storm was raging in all its fury. At times the lightning ran from top to bottom, in zig-zag form. This produced rolling thunder. At other times the great black block would split open, and a loud clap of thunder would follow. The lightning appeared bluer, and the thunder more hollow than is seen and heard from the earth. Over those parts that the storm had passed there appeared light clouds moving in another direction, which looked like white smoke issuing from a fire without flame."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ In Paris the ladies have quite discarded the use of hoop-skirts.

☞ Flaminus Olympiostanes Agrippa Williams sets type in San Francisco.

☞ Crimson kid gloves on a lady's hands frightened a Lexington, Ky., man.

☞ The following questions are proposed for discussion in a debating society: "How many is five? and why?" "What is ducks; and how?" "Is it or is it not? and whence?"

☞ Mr. Jones being asked by Mrs. Jones, last August, to buy a thermometer, said he would wait until they were lower.

☞ The inhabitants of Rhode Island are wasting time in going up by small detachments in a balloon, when, if they'd just pass the blade of a penknife under the State, they might all go up together.

☞ A "sufferer" at one of the hotels says, "The flies come down to breakfast at the sound of the gong."

☞ Mormon missionaries are said to be actively engaged in obtaining converts in Michigan.

☞ Alabama lightning doesn't do things by halves. A bolt recently struck a tree in the lot of Mr. John Cant, of Skipperville, and killed every horse and mule on the place.

☞ A cross old bachelor says, "The reason why women don't cut themselves in two by tight lacing is, because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard they cannot affect it."

☞ Moving water is said always to possess a peculiar fascination, and a sentimental individual thinks that in no form is the influence of the fluid so potent as in that of a woman's tears.

☞ Many and various are the ways of obtaining a living, and the resources of the Yankee in searching them out are almost infinite. There is said to be a man down in Portland, who supports a family very comfortably by the simple process of tying a cat to a clothes line in the back yard and in the morning gathering up the boot-jacks, brushes, soap, etc., hurled into the yard by enraged boarders in the neighboring houses.

☞ A wild girl is the sensation in Nevada. Wild girls have ceased to be a sensation in the Atlantic States.

☞ The high price of coals and beef in England, is said to be having a depressing effect upon the matrimonial market.

☞ An English court has recently decided that the presence of ghosts in a house is sufficent reason for annulling the contract between landlord and tenant.

☞ Albany mourns the loss of its oldest inhabitant at the age of 105½ years. Diana Mingo was her name, and Africa her nation. As a matter of course, she was on intimate terms with General Washington, and the personal friend of Lafayette.

☞ A pair of distressed parents in Troy are anxious to cure their four-year-old son of an irresistible tendency to commit arson. A New York paper wickedly suggests arsenic.

☞ The Choctaw Vindicator (Indian Territory) was unable to get out an issue last week, because the entire "force," editor and all, took to the woods after a robber.

☞ A mechanic in San Francisco has invented a baby carriage, so formed that when not in use it may be folded up into a space not larger than an ordinary portfolio.

☞ Nine-tenths of the mineral oil produced in this country is found in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, a strip of land about eighty miles long by twenty broad.

☞ The Cedar Rapids folks complain that there is no sidewalk leading to the cemetery, and their editor out there consolingly assures them that, if they will have only patience, they can all ride some day.

☞ Owing to the intense heat, the Missouri Democrat says it is obliged respectfully to file in the archives of the office, kept for safety in the stove, a large number of original poems.

☞ It was thusly that the aurora affected an Illinois editor: "Here we lean over the verge of the infinite, longing to grasp its mysteries, lost in the profundities of immensity."

☞ The first divorce suit on record in Virginia was decided a short time ago, and the Judge, in delivering the opinion of the Court, referred to the extreme rarity of such cases in Virginia. He said: "Happily for the interests of society and the sanctity of marital rights and relations, suits of this character are not of frequent occurrence in this State. And in these modern days of so-called social progress and social reform, it is a fact worthy of record, and one which fitly illustrates the purity of social life and the inviolable sanctity of the marriage bond in this State, that there can be found but two reported cases in all its judicial history, from the foundation of the Commonwealth down to the present time, touching questions arising out of the separation of husband and wife. And the two cases referred to were not suits for divorce, but for alimony, brought by the wife after desertion by the husband."

☞ A New Jerseyman, having heard that Columbus was in Ohio, immediately started West to interview the old man about the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

☞ When a man comes to an end by jumping out of a three-story window, he may be said to have jumped to a conclusion in the most unreasoning manner.

☞ A London lady has a snuff-box made from the hoof of a horse which the great Napoleon once rode and which was killed in the Egyptian campaign.

☞ Revenge is sweet, especially if one can get enough of it at once. A youth at Maryville, Missouri, was some years ago discarded by the lady of his love, who married another. For years has he pursued his wrath and brooded over his sorrows, and a few days ago he made the account even by murdering the woman, her husband and three children. Now undoubtedly he is happy, but such joy cannot last. He will shortly be in suspense.

☞ It is an old and general supposition that the law does not regard dogs as property, and that a dog found running at large in the street is nobody's property. Judge Dowling, of New York, had a dog-stealing case before him last week, in which he stated that a great mistake pervaded the public mind in regard to dogs; that by law they were as much a man's property as his horse or anything else he owned; and moreover stated that in case of killing a dog, unless in self-protection, the party could be made to pay the value of the dog the same as though it were a horse.

☞ One of Queen Marie Antoinette's maids of honor, who accompanied her unfortunate friend to the foot of the scaffold, has just died at the age of one hundred and two years.

☞ Twenty-two years ago the people of Deering, Maine, had their cows milked over night, corn and soap grease and other articles stolen. One morning a woman going to milk discovered a repulsive human being in the hay mow, with hair grown over his eyes and both feet frozen. He was taken to the almshouse, and for twenty years has only spoken in monosyllables. He was extremely filthy in his habits, and nothing has ever been known of his history. Recently, to the surprise of all, he pronounced the word "England," and on being asked if he came from there, and would like to go back again, he said "Yes." Then he refused to speak, refused food, and died last week. He has died and preserved his life's secret, and the doctors cannot tell what ailed him, or if he was insane.

☞ Two Russian editors have been sentenced to fine and imprisonment for having alluded in their papers to the rumors of the secret marriage in this country of the Grand Duke Alexis.

Cupid's Ambuscades.

The sly archer, Love, shoots his arrows from many coigns of 'vantage, but it is doubtful if he delivers his heart-taking shafts from any ambush with more effect than when he arms them from the braids and folds and ringlets of a superb head of hair. Ladies who have not been favored by Nature with this crowning charm of womanhood, can readily and certainly increase the volume of their hair and impart to it a silken lustre by using LYON'S KATHAIRON as a daily dressing; while those whom Providence has blessed with a superabundance of this "Glory" of the sex, can preserve it, undiminished in quantity and undiminished in beauty, to the latest period of life. There is a germinating principle in the KATHAIRON which literally *compels the hair to grow.* It extirpates scurf, dandruff, and all exfoliations and excrescences of the scalp which interfere with the rapid and healthy development of the fibres.

☞ An unsuspecting dog at Madison, Ind., on respite from tormenting flies intent, crawled under a softly crooning buz saw, where its cool breath would fan his fevered brow. And thereby hangs a tail, which it is the dog's.

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They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Mrs A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

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ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

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THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1872.

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☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

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AN APOLOGY.

We must apologize for the manner in which a portion of our edition was printed last week. Our press broke down, and we had to send the paper out to another office. They did the best they could for us, but being unused to the kind of work, were not able to come up to our usual standard. This week we trust to look as well as ever.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ABOUT WIDOWS

There is such a thing as carrying the widow business too far. There is such a thing as over-doing the lone, lorn female style. Once in a while folks' sympathies get pumped at till they are pumped dry.

It's my opinion that at least half the widows in the universe are humbugs. I pray you, kindly reader, don't be offended at what I'm going to say, if you are a widow, or kin to a widow, or about to be kin to a widow. If you are about to be kin to a widow, here is a wise old German saw for you to think over o' nights: "He that marries a widow with three children takes into his house four thieves." Allow me to commend it to your notice.

The right sort of widows won't mind what I say, and the wrong sort I don't care for; and I'll say what I think anyhow. I don't feel half as sorry over widows as I used to, whether they are the rusty black sort, the dead black sort, or the shiny black sort. They are such a lot of sharpers such Becky Sharps in short, the widows whom I mean. If you rent one of 'em a house, you must let it for half price, because you are renting to a widow. If a doctor sees one of their children through the measles, he must do it for "thank ye," and he doesn't get even that, because it's a widow. The coal-man must wait six months for his pay, and then not get it, because it's a widow. I don't think, now-days, that folks devour widows' houses half as much as widows devour other folks' houses. Once I lived with a widow who "kept boarders." She was a truly good woman, who was an exemplary church member, and told stories by the bushel, awful whops, I tell you. She received a considerable pension, and had a reasonable supply of money besides, and yet that rusty black widow would tell a story any day for fifty cents. She always tried the charity dodge, her children learned to try the charity dodge, and I suppose they will always keep it up, just because their mother was a widow. I mind me well how one day the gas-man came to that widow's door, and was turned empty away. To my certain knowledge the widow had money in her pocket when that hapless *gas*-man rang the bell. The Christian widow peeped out between the blinds and saw who it was. Then straightway she gave command to the "small servant" as follows, to wit:

"Tell him a lone woman lives here, a soldier's widow, and that *she ain't at home!*"

Pretty Christian, that! (Between ourselves, dear Post, I've been gradually getting it through my wool for some years past that Christians aren't a bit better or honester than other folks.)

At our house there dwells a certain individual person whose pleasing task it is to dispense one form of city charity. It is mostly dispensed to widows and widows' blessed babies, the same babies not seldom being of full grown age and inches. Well, as sure as you are alive, the majority of the lone, lorn ladies who come for charity dress better than I do. My best bonnet is a miserable old rat-trap, compared to the stylish head-gear of these fine-lady beggars. And you'd never believe the unworthy, contemptible, tricky dodges and subterfuges they resort to, to keep from paying out any money. I assure you, like the Widow Bedott, "I blush for my sect" sometimes. Last week came the one who first put it into my head to write about widows. She came for charity, mind you, and brought with her her daughter, a great fat squab of a young woman with a *silk dress on*, bless your heart! And when the official hinted as delicately as possible that city aid was not designed for people who were able to earn their own living, the bereaved widow indignantly answered:

"*My* daughter never worked any." (Dear, dear!)

It all comes, that is to say, much of it comes of bringing these beggars up strictly within "woman's sphere." How I hate "woman's sphere!" It's as great a humbug as the widow-business. Every girl and young woman ought to be trained up, willy nilly, into some honest, paying way of making her living, or else she ought to be put out of the world. The expectation of getting a living by being a wife and mother is all very well, but one grows wofully thin and starved out living on it, that's all. I'd rather have a good, honest trade, for a sure thing, I think. I'd rather be anything than bring up a family on the lone-woman begging system. I'd rather be a tailor's goose, in short. ZIG.

☞ "Daughtercultural show" is the latest name for a fashionable party.

TREASURES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLE BREMER.

We all have them, treasures that intrinsically are worth nothing, but from which we would not part for the wealth of the Indies. I have them, and so have you, my friend. They may be valueless to others, but they are of priceless worth to us. We keep them from stranger eyes, we allow no profane hand to touch them; no one but ourselves would appreciate them, for we alone know the memories that make them dear, and with what voices they speak of a dead past.

Here is a withered rose; how the odor clings to it still! faint and sweet, though time has winnowed the years in heaps since it was given you on an evening in the beautiful long ago, by one who is now but a handful of dust beneath a coffin lid. What a subtile power lurks in that rose; you gaze at it till you can almost hear the loved voice, and feel the clasp of the dear hand, as erst you heard and felt them in that vanished time. And is not that faded rose a treasure? Ay, a priceless treasure. But here is something else, a package of old letters, penned by a cherished hand. They are yellow and old, but even yet they contain "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Put them away with the faded rose; they are priceless. And you might write upon them, "Sacred to the memory of one we loved." Let us open this drawer—it is filled with little garments and a child's playthings. How the founts of feeling are stirred as you look at them. Here is a little well-worn shoe, but the dear feet that wore them, whose patter was the sweetest music to your ear, are now pressing the everlasting hills of God. Ah, what would you not give to hear the patter of those little feet again! But above all do you value this fair curl, shorn from the bright head of your baby boy, whose golden curls were the light of your life. That little curl was a part of your darling, and as you twine it around your finger and press it to your cheek, you almost fancy it a thing of life. And are they not treasures, the little garments, the worn shoe, and the golden curl? They are all that is is left you of your baby boy, save the fadeless light of memory and a tiny mound in the churchyard. And would you part from them? No, not for untold gold. They are your treasures.

THEE ONLY.

The grass with the crimson phlox is red,
The magnolia scatters its scarlet seeds;
The pale swamp lily bends its head,
And lists to the whispering reeds.
I sit by the river's side and dream,
And my heart floats out on the flowing stream
As, dreaming of thee, I dream.

The slanting sunbeams glisten and quiver,
Kissing the breast of the flowing river,
And into its bosom sink;
The butterfly nods on its tremulous pillow,
And into the wave the thirsty willow
Droops down its leaves to drink.
What is this to me if thou art there?
Where art thou, my little ladye fair?
Where art thou? tell me where?

The convolvolus sighs for the morning sun,
The golden sunflower turns to the West,
And the evening shadows are playing upon
The rippling river's breast.
But I sadly revert to each golden link
Of memory's chain, by the river's brink;
And of one that is absent I think.

From the high tree-top the lone dove woos
The absent mate that it fears to lose,
And the mournful cypress weeps;
The mocking bird in the live oak sings
Songs that are fit for queens or kings,
And the glittering humming bird sleeps.
But what is all this to me—to me;
As the river flows on to the distant sea,
And my thoughts fly ever to thee?

The bush is alive with the twittering thrushes;
With the red bird's plumage the gum tree blushes;
The moccasin glides through the rustling rushes;
From the thicket the squirrel peers.
The azure-eyed clematis peeps at the sky;
The blue flag flaunts its pennon so high,
And the passion flower's in tears.
But what of all this do I see, or hear,
As I look far down in the waters clear,
And feel that thou art not near?

The flower may blush, and the bird may sing,
The jessamine round the tall oak cling,
The river may kiss the shore;
But I think only of tender eyes,
Of the touch of a hand I was wont to prize
In the days that are gone before.
And this, oh! sweetest, is all to me,
As the river flows on to the distant sea,
And my thoughts flow ever to thee.

GOSSIPING NEIGHBORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear Mr. Post:—Now I suppose the first thing you do when you begin to read this, will be to look at the signature. Yes, Zim Zoot—there you have it. You don't like it; well we have struck a chord of sympathy, for I don't myself. I didn't choose it. I was there, I suppose, but not having raised my voice in self-defence at the time, I must henceforth forever hold my peace—or take the consequences.

This last fact is a melancholy conviction, the result of years of experience. Yes, the land knows I have tried hard enough to get rid of the name (not that I object to the Zim part; it is the Zoot that troubles me.) I don't say that I never had a chance to change my name; there was Deacon Pillbury, he'd 'av given his eyes if I'd just took his. But—I never talk about myself. I don't think it shows good bringing up; and if I do say it, *I've* been well brought up, *and* I never gossip.

Now, Mr. Post, I come to the point. If there's anything that I consider a calamity to society, it is a gossiping woman.

Our neighborhood is just full of those heinous calamities, and I feel it my duty to denounce them; and I can't sit here and hear my duty calling me, and not respond to the call.

No, if I do say it, I'm one that never shirks duty.

Now there is Sarah Jane Wilks, Sadie she calls herself; but if I was christened Zim Zoot, and am Zim Zoot still (which I am,) and she was christened Sarah Jane Wilks, it isn't according to the laws of cause and effect that she shouldn't be Sarah Jane Wilks still.

As I said before, that Sarah Jane Wilks, she's an awful gossip. She knows what everybody in the neighborhood is going to do—it's my opinion—before he does himself. Because it stands to reason otherwise I'd know some things before she did, as I generally try to keep posted on current affairs. I think it one's duty to keep posted on current affairs; and I never shirk duty.

And the way she does talk about her neighbors! I never talk about my neighbors—I think it's mortal sinful.

And Hannah Jones—what Tim Jones ever saw in her to admire, I don't know, I'm sure. But then, they do say she did all the courting herself. But I'll never be the one to report such a scandalous story.

Yes, she gads about the streets from morning till night, and does nothing but collect news and retail it. The spiteful thing! she doesn't always confine herself to the truth, either.

Don't you think she told the new minister, last week, that I was thirty-six years old, if I was a day! Only think of it—when I'm only twenty-four. I might say twenty-two, if I would, any one that looked at my rosy cheeks would not deny it. I've got a splendid rec—oh, nothing, I wasn't going to make any remarks.

But if Hannah Jones just knew half what people thought of her for gossiping and talking about her neighbors, I think she'd be a little more careful. I guess it'll surprise her some to see her name in the papers. But, laws, I hope it'll be a lesson to her.

I suppose I have my faults with the rest; but, if I do say it, gossiping isn't one of them!

ZIM ZOOT.

AN APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

Thousands have heard the famous apostrophe to water which Mr. Gough, the eloquent temperance lecturer, so often repeats, but which we have never heard him say was a quotation and not original. It originally appeared in a sketch, the author of which we do not know, but who must have been a writer of considerable ability. We give an extract from the original article as follows; the scene was laid in Texas:—

The smoking viands were arranged on the tables by scores of slaves, and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit, loud as the blast of a trumpet in battle, "Stay, gentlemen and ladies, till the giver of the barbecue asks God's blessing!"

Every heart started, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued, for all alike were struck by his remarkable appearance. He was almost a giant in stature, though scarcely thirty years of age. His hair, dark as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets; his eyes, black as midnight, beamed like stars over a face pale as Parian marble, calm, passionless, spiritual, and wearing a singular, indefinable expression. The heterogeneous crowd, hunters, gamblers, and homicides, gazed in mute astonishment. The missionary prayed, but it sounded like no other prayer ever addressed to the Throne of Grace. It was the cry of a naked soul, and that soul a beggar for the bread and water of Heavenly life.

He ceased, and not till then did I become conscious of weeping. I looked around through my tears and saw hundreds of faces wet as with rain.

"Now, my friends," said the missionary, "partake of God's gifts at the table, and then come and sit down and listen to His gospel."

It would be impossible to describe the sweet tone of kindness in which these simple words were uttered, that made him on the instant five hundred friends. One heart, however, in the assembly, was maddened by the evidence of the preacher's wonderful power.

Colonel Watt Forman exclaimed, in a sneering voice, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring gushing up in two strong columns with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There," he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet. "There is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play. There God brews it, and down—down in the deep valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder tones crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God;' there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water! And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer-rain, shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brim; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink—alcohol?" A shout like the roaring of a tempest answered, "No."

It may be considered almost hypercritical to add, that the above is not *strictly* true. The beverage that is brewed "far out on the wide, wide sea"—if by this the salt seawaves are meant—can hardly be called "health-giving water." And, taking the world over, a very large proportion of the spring and river water is of doubtful health-giving qualities. A change of water—the drinking by a stranger of water to which he has been unaccustomed—is a very fruitful cause of disease. Very few who live in the soft-water regions of the United States, can drink the water of the limestone regions, and the muddy water of the Missouri and Mississippi, without dangerous consequences. The limestone water, of which there is a great deal, often clogs the joints of those who drink it, by the time they have reached old age, with a chalky formation. And Americans who visit France and other portions of Europe, are often compelled to abandon the use of the water as a beverage.

CONSOLATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I really must congratulate THE POST upon its contributors; how well they understand human nature. When reading "A Reminder" and "Petite" I am almost ready to accuse Miss Wheeler and Miss Bremer of borrowing my thoughts, but am deterred by the fact that they have expressed them better than I could. In deep humiliation of spirit I acknowledge that I have experienced the unpleasantness both of being "a reminder" and of being "*so little*," and believe I agree with Miss Bremer in considering the former preferable, or probably 'twould be more appropriate to say the latter more unendurable. No one, who has not experienced it, can have any adequate conception of the annoyance caused by being constantly met with the expressions—"How very *little* you are," "I do believe you get smaller each day," and similar encouraging (?) remarks on your size.

What encouragement have we to try to grow I should like to know?

Recently I have been congratulating myself upon an increase in height of exactly half of an inch! but 'tis certainly provoking that it never seems to attract the attention of any one.

Not long since I met, for the first time since attaining the dignity of young ladyhood, a friend upon whose mind I was naturally desirous of making a favorable impression. Imagine then (if possible) my horror, dismay, and intense chagrin to be met with the pleasing (?) exclamation—"Miss Sallie, I believe you have grown *smaller* since we last met, if my visual organs deceive me not!"

Perhaps I "maintained a countenance childlike and bland;" I should not, however, feel justified in asserting that my mind was in a state of amiable serenity.

I think the lines from Burns with which Miss Bremer closed her remarks contain as much truth as any I ever remember reading. I must confess to a decided partiality for "petite" people myself, and we can find consolation in the thought that Nature in our formation made use of such precious material that she could afford no more. The idea of being a large, masculine woman! Ugh, the very thought makes me shudder. I for one am content to be *little*. Some writer has said—"When God wished to make anything especially precious He made it '*little*,'" and I believe that firmly.

SALLIE WALKER.

DARK DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

They come too often to us all—and shrinking beneath the weight of the shadows they cast, we are so prone to look back, wistfully, into the past; lingering lovingly, and oh! how tenderly beside the graves of our dead joys. The massive door guarding sacredly ever from stranger eyes the priceless treasures of that past, swings back for us only upon days like these.

Ordinarily we are happy enough. This is a busy world—too busy for useless repinings, and we are not exempt from the usual daily tasks which fall to the lot of the workers of this world. Well it is for some of us that home duties press thick and fast; that little dresses must be cut and fashioned into shape—that torn aprons must be mended—that little faces must be kept clean, and little feet carefully and constantly tended that they may not go astray.

Be thankful, o,h weary one! that the skeleton in your closet needs looking after so seldom—that he is a well-behaved specimen of anatomy, and insists upon the pleasure of your society only semi-occasionally.

We have had dreams in days gone by that were *only* dreams—yet we look back to them now with unutterable longing and tenderness, and invest the objects of them with many a grace and many a virtue, which in reality they never possessed. But because so many long and wearisome years have drifted between us and our vision, and because it was revealed to us in youth's fair spring time, when life's red rose was thornless, we must hold it in tender remembrance—aye! must love it still! The drowning man clings not faster to the frail spar within his grasp, than do we to these dim shadows of other days—never, at their best, aught but shadows.

Through busy days and months we toil unceasingly—only time for work and sleep. Some unhappy day the domestic clock-work runs more briskly and smoothly than usual. There is an idle hour. The cloud lowers. Blacker and blacker it looms, and nearer. It must burst are long.

Is this rain upon my cheek? O! dark days!

THEN AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Then, within the shadows depths of this same forest, where to-day I stand alone, a fair, sweet child was my companion. Hand in hand we gathered the graceful ferns and delicate wild flowers, or in moss-carpeted nooks told to each other weird, fanciful stories, for the place was to us an enchanted fairy land, and the murmuring of the wind through the grand old trees the sweetest music of which we ever dreamed.

Then came the years, the beautiful, joyous years, and found the child a fair young girl.

Then in every nook and corner of the large, old-fashioned house, were traces of her presence, and as we heard the joyous songs that floated round her everywhere, and filled our home with pure, sweet melody, or watched the graceful form that flitted through the quaint old garden, so like in purity of heart the stately lilies blooming there, we little dreamed how soon the amaranthine wreath would rest upon that fair young brow.

* * * * * * *

Now came the years, the sad and lonely years. *Now*, beside the old ivy-covered church, beneath a cross of pure white marble, where the branches of the trees as they bend lovingly over her murmur the same sweet music as in her early childhood, lies in her last sleep our beautiful Lillian. And yet again she shall be ours, for now is left to us a blessed belief, full of divine consolation, that when the Master gathereth the blossoms from His earthly gardens, He leaves them not to fade and perish, but transplants them to those heavenly gardens,

"Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
And every flower brought safe through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal."

F. A. E.

THE SENSATION OF BEING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

About a month ago the house of Mr. John G. Whittier, at Amesbury, Massachusetts, was struck by lightning, and all the inmates for a time severely affected by the shock. Mr. Whittier, who was standing at the time, was prostrated, but soon recovered, and two ladies in another room were severely stunned. We copy an account of the affair from a private letter written by Miss Lizzie H. Whittier, niece of the poet, to a friend:—

"You will remember the little room on the left of the front door; this is my sewing room, and in a shower I have always thought it the safest room in the house. There is no chimney in it and no chance for a draught. Tuesday afternoon I was sitting, as I usually do, by the window nearest the front door. A cousin from New York sat at the other window and we were both sewing. Uncle had just left us, after warning us against sitting so close to the windows, and had just reached the threshold of the "Garden room," (or as the papers have it, the study,) when the house was struck. It tore off some clapboards over my window, and after making a hole through the plastering ran along on the top of the window-frame over my head; then down the curtain, tearing or burning the gilt, and throwing the whole at my feet. Then a looking-glass between the windows was broken into bits and scattered all about. All that I realized *then* was a terrible light and heat, as I fancy a pistol shot glancing by my face would seem, and a feeling that something had struck me. My cousin felt the same, only for an instant she could not see. None of us could hear plainly for at least an hour. My first thought was—'where is my uncle?' I met him in the dining-room, coming to see what had happened to us. He said, 'the house has been struck,' and this suggesting fire, I went all through the house, though I have not the slightest idea what would have been my next step, if I had found it. We cannot account for uncle's shock unless it was owing to his open stove or to an open window in his room, though from the smoke and smell of sulphur all around, I do not suppose any one could have been in the lower part of the house, without having felt some shock. * * Uncle says if electricity is good for rheumatism he should prefer to take it in smaller doses. We have all got over it now, and are thankful it is no worse, for it is easy to see how bad it might have been."

AFTER THE PARTY.

BY GENERAL R. E. LEE.

He'd not come in this time, 'twas late;
He'd leave me there, beside the gate.
How sweet the dainty moon to-night,
How soft the mellow, starry light,
The moon and stars in rivalry,
Contestant for pre-eminence,
They shining saucily, but she
Seems shy in tender radiance;
The merry stars are pert, but soon
She'll drown them all, that modest moon!

He couldn't stop—he thanked me—no,
You see 'twould keep them waiting so;
But 'twas enchanting—lovely gleams
Of liquid light, in mingled beams
From blinking stars and bashful moon
And maiden's eyes, are all astray
To soften still the balmy June,
And turn the night to lover's day;
While fragrant flower breaths arise,
And blend with stars and moon and eyes!

How fair I looked, how wondrous bright,
His pretty queen in misty white!
What made my cheeks thus all aglow?
He couldn't help the saying so!
For, with two little hands in his
And eyes bewitching him, as mine,
To watch that moon-lit blush was bliss—
'Twas more than sweet—it was divine!
How could I see my fairy self,
And fail to love the darling elf?

But now good-night; 'twas hardly fair
Of me to keep him talking there,
And yet, how could he go away,
When all the lover loves said "stay!"
But—would I look him in the eyes?
He's going now, so grant him this;
Might he, just once, how much he'd prize—
And—that is—well, in fact—a kiss!
He held both hands, what could one do?
Ah me! and then he *took* it, too!

A Child Shall Lead Them.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I do not know how the coldness sprang up between Alice and myself. I know that in many instances I was to blame for harsh words that were spoken. Perhaps she might have been in fault, too, as often as myself. I only know that after a year or two of our married life had gone by, something sprang up between us that was like a hand thrusting us apart farther and farther every day. It was like a stream that at first a straw may divert and turn from its course, but, unobstructed, it grows larger and larger every day, and we who stood upon either side of it felt that we were getting farther and farther from each other as we went down its banks.

God knows I loved Alice so well when I married her that I never dreamed that anything could come between us. I fancied life was to be all sunshine. I forgot the shadows.

I think I was too sure of happiness. I took too much for granted. I was careless of my own heart, and life, and let things climb up from the bitterness that sometimes rankled in my heart, and slip over my tongue before I stopped to think what pain they might give to Alice, or what bitterness they might fan to a flame in her heart. I do not like to think of it now. I only know that it was so, and pray God it may never be so again.

By-and-by Baby came to us. A wee, beautiful thing, with Alice's yellow hair and my blue eyes. A happy, blithe little child that ought to have been like sunshine, and driven every shadow away from our hearthstone.

That Baby brought sunshine with her was true, but it was not sufficient to warm our hearts enough to melt the ice out of them. Everything in them seemed cold—so cold! Oh, but it was a dreary, dreary life!

Baby was the one bright feature about it. We both loved her as two hearts hungry for love must love something or starve.

It is strange that our mutual love for our child did not draw us closer together; that it did not bridge the stream and make our paths one, but it did not. Perhaps God in the infinite wisdom of His plans saw what was best, and ordered things as they were.

I do not know. *He* knows, and I trust Him, feeling that my trust is not misplaced.

Baby grew like a flower, and it was when she was two years old that the shadow fell upon her, the shadow of death, the most desolating, blighting shadow, I thought then, when she lay robed in white, that there was in all the whole wide world.

But I do not think so now. Looking back to those long days of estrangement before Baby came and went away, I know that their shadow was worse than the shadow of death could be.

It was a summer day when Baby sickened. She had been playing about the room all the forenoon, happy as a child could be. In the afternoon she came to me and complained of being tired. I took her in my arms and sung to her. By and by she sank into a troubled sleep, from which she would often start and moan and cry out in a quick, pained way. Her little face was flushed to a bright color, and her breath quick and short.

I was frightened, and put her in Alice's arms, feeling that a mother's love is quicker and better than a father's in times of danger.

It was a short, swift story, and the end came soon.

It was afternoon when Baby died.

I shall never forget it. The sunshine fell across the wide green meadows and made them seem full of shimmering tints that changed whenever the wind blew over them from emerald to gold. The scent of clover came up from the valley where it was in a full splendor of scarlet bloom. The blue sky was full of soft, fleece-white clouds that drifted hither and thither like flecks of foam on a blue sea. The robins sang in the cherry trees where the scarlet fruit was ripening in the warmth of the July sun. The lilies and pansies were all a-blow in the garden, and I remember how the scent of mignonette came up to me as I stood at the wide-open window, and looked out through eyes that were full of tears upon the scene below, and far away to the low, hazy hills that stood out in purple tints against the soft blue of the sky. Whenever I smell the mignonette, I can shut my eyes and live over that sad afternoon when our baby died. It will all come back to me.

Alice's mother was with us. She held Baby on her lap. Alice sat at her feet watching the child's white face. I wandered up and down, and here and there, in a fever of unrest.

"She is dying," Alice's mother said, and I came and stood beside her. A spasm passed over the poor, little pale features, and the blue eyes opened once, the little hands fluttered like lily-leaves in a wind, and then Baby was still. Very, very still.

She never stirred again. Alice covered her face with both her hands, and was silent in a tearless kind of sorrow. I went to the window and stood looking out, while the robin caroled as gayly in the branches as if there was no such thing as death in all the world.

Alice's mother robed the child for the slumber that had come to it, with her own tender hands. They put a few white blossoms on the little breast, and then we left her and went out to face our sorrow.

What lonesome hours those were when Baby lay dead in the house where she had been the one ray of sunshine that had shown into two shadowy lives. Such long, slow hours!

We made her a grave in the garden, where the white lilies grew and lifted up their pure chalices to catch the wine of summer time for bird and bee. It did not seem to us that we could have our Baby sleep away from us in the lonely churchyard. We wanted her near us, where we could go often to her grave and talk with her.

And then, after Baby was buried, came the lonesome silence of a home from which some one has just been carried out forever.

The evening settled down about us full of holy silence, and the moonlight was like the benediction of God.

I sat down to the piano, and struck some plaintive minor chords. Unconsciously I wandered into that sad, sweet melody to which some one has set Longfellow's exquisite poem of "Resignation,"

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But some dead lamb is there!"

And then my eyes grew dim and blurred, and I could not see the keys, when I thought of the dead lamb asleep among the lilies in the garden.

I got up and went out. Something drew me to Baby's grave. Perhaps it was Baby that led me. I love to think so.

I saw something by the grave in the white splendor of the moonlight. It was Alice. She did not hear me.

"Oh God! I am so lonely now!" she cried. "Baby is all I had to love, and she is gone!"

It seemed to me that my heart was bare that moment in my breast, and Baby put her warm, little hand upon it, and the ice melted and was gone beneath her touch. Perhaps it was Baby's hand, and it may be that the finger of God touched me. I only know that the bitterness died out of my heart, and I knelt down by Alice's side, and asked her to forgive me for whatever sorrow I had made her in the weary, dreary past. And I remember that she dropped her head upon my breast, and kissed me, and her face was full of the light that comes when a prayer is suddenly answered—a great, shining light that was sweeter and purer than the glory of the summer night.

There is a little poem of Tennyson's that I often find myself saying over and over. A simple little thing, but in that last verse is told the sweetest experience that ever came to me.

"For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

It was there that my Alice came back to me, out of the shadow in which I had lost her so long.

Treatment of the Insane.

A novel system of reporting has been initiated by the N. Y. Tribune. Some time ago it desired to expose the panel business, and, therefore, commissioned a couple of reporters to seek the acquaintance of sundry panel thieves, under pretence of desiring to hire their rooms and apparatus, and buy their respective businesses. The result was a public exposure of the tricks and stratagems practiced in the nefarious pursuit. The same journal, as already stated, recently commissioned a reporter to feign insanity and procure an incarceration in the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, in order to verify the charges published against the management of that institution. Here is a new field for enterprise. We may soon find reporters committed to prison and released in a week, upon proof that their crimes were simulated. We may find them feigning illness in public and private hospitals, and perhaps death, in order to enlarge regarding the treatment of their bodies at the morgue. The Bloomingdale Asylum reporter, after acting fantastically at the Grand Central hotel, and being vouched for as being previously eccentric by friends, was recommended to the asylum by Dr. Luckrow, of No. 36 Great Jones street, and Dr. Dr. C. E. Bellington, of No. 157 Lexington avenue, without much examination, and Police Justice John Cox signed a warrant of commitment. Dr. Burrill, the physician in charge, received the young man with a shake of the hand, and a touch of the pulse, asked him absently how he felt, took a stud from his shirt bosom, emptied his pockets, and handed the articles taken to the friend who accompanied him. He was then placed in charge of an attendant, who, on being told he desired rest, showed him into a bare room with four beds, where he lay until the bell rang for tea. This meal proved to be a cup of tea and a small roll without butter, notwithstanding that the board was twenty dollars a week. He returned to his bed and slept soundly, but was awakened at nine, and was conducted to a cell eight feet by ten in dimensions, and without any furniture whatever, except a cot, with a straw bed upon it. The walls were bare and bleak, and a grating was in the window. There was not even a nail on the walls to attract attention, and the door was without a knob. Nothing was better calculated to inspire utter vacancy and depression in the mind of a patient. The floor had been recently scrubbed with water in which chloride of lime had been mixed, and the odor created a headache. Each article of clothing was taken out into the hall as it was relinquished by the patient and the pockets examined. A dose of quinine was brought, which the reporter ejected from his mouth. The door was then locked, and sleep was courted upon the hard and uncomfortable bed. Demoniac yells, however, soon aroused him, and these continued through the night, depriving the reporter entirely of sleep, and suggesting that this deprivation of natural rest to quiet patients would by no means tend to hasten their recovery. At six in the morning the attendant entered and returned the reporter's clothing. After dressing, he was shown a trough in the bath-room, where he washed his face and hands. He then strolled through a long and narrow hall, awaiting his breakfast. It had a heavy centre table, six wooden-seated chairs, and several benches. The breakfast was under supervision of a burly Irishman and a fat German, and consisted of a small allowance of meat, two boiled potatoes in their skins, some sliced raw tomatoes, and bread with a very little butter.

The coffee was in white bowls, and deficient both in milk and sugar. The handles of the knives and forks were greasy or sticky, and the blades of the former showed but few signs of past cleaning. After breakfast the patients drearily paced the floor until dinner, lay on the benches, or stood silently and vacantly against the walls of the hall. A solitary newspaper was taken, but absorbed by the attendants, who gave the patients no chance to see it. The dinner was upon an oak table without a cloth, which appeared to have been wiped with a greasy oil-cloth. No coffee or tea was given, and only water allowed. Each patient was served with a plate containing a mess of boiled fish, sauce, tomatoes and potatoes, and a saucer of boiled rice. A piece of bread was also placed upon the greasy table. When patients were slow in finishing they were roughly told to hurry up. A long, dreary afternoon was then passed, without books or newspapers, without paper for writing, or without chess, checkers, cards, billiards, or any games whatever with which to while away time. Supper brought the usual bread and tea, and night brought the usual maniacal howls of the ward below.

The reporter remained four days in the institution, and during that time the chief doctor, Brown, solicited no information regarding his derangement, nor did he visit the section where he was confined. A number of cases of cruelty and wanton annoyance by attendants toward patients were witnessed by the reporter, and the bath-tub was often made the receptacle of slops. Chewing tobacco was allowed to patients, but they were not allowed to smoke. Life in the asylum must be very dreary and well calculated either to strengthen insanity in those really afflicted, or to create it in those still sane. What a hopeless, fearful existence for those possessing capacity for some degree of mental enjoyment!

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THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,
No taper burns beside thy lonely bed:
Darling, thou liest hidden out of sight,
And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerily glows the hearth; yet glows in vain,
For we uncheered beside it sit alone,
And listen to the wild and beating rain
In angry gusts against our casement blown.

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know
That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep
Within thy narrow chamber far below,
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.

Oh no, not thou! and we our faith deny,
This thought allowing: thou, removed from harms,
In Abraham's bosom doth securely lie—
Oh, not in Abraham's, in a Saviour's arms:

In that dear Lord's who in thy worst distress,
Thy bitterest anguish gave thee, dearest child,
Still to abide in perfect gentleness,
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet corn of wheat! committed to the ground
To die, and live, and bear more precious ear;
While to the heart of earth thy Saviour found
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,
Down lighting upon earth such change shall bring,
That all its fields of death shall laugh anew—
Yea, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISIT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

While Dora was away on her sorrowful mission, an event occurred at Roundwood that is likely to have a most important bearing on the further developments of our story.

Mrs. Raynham and Victor were seated in the drawing-room. The ormolu clock on the chimney-piece had just struck the hour of ten, and Mrs. Raynham was languidly commenting on the absence of Vincent and Dora—which to her was an unexplained mystery, as well as the circumstance that had occasioned that sudden journey to Longdown—when a heavy step came tramping up the hall, and a loud, imperative voice suddenly made itself audible, demanding of some passing servant:

"Where is your mistress? I must and will see her."

"She is in the drawing-room," the servant made answer. "Shall I announce you, sir?"

"No. Get out of the way."

The next instant that heavy step strode toward the door.

Mrs. Raynham heard it. The words spoken by that sharp, authoritative voice had also reached her ear. She rose up from the easy chair in which she had been reclining, her breath coming quicker, and her face growing very pale.

"It is *he!*" she gasped. "Oh, Victor, don't let him come in here."

The young man sprang to the door. But he was too late. It opened sharply upon him, and Miles Rugby, alias Leonard Raynham, confronted him on the threshold, a sardonic smile curling his thin lips.

"Well met, my dear boy," said the villain, glibly.

Victor drew back with a shiver of disgust he could not wholly conceal. "Why are you here?" he demanded. "Do you not see that you can never be welcome in this house?"

"Bah!" sneered Miles. "Not welcome in my own house? Come, now, that's too good."

The young man lost color, but he said firmly:

"You have forfeited all right to come here. Your presence distresses yonder sainted woman whom you have wronged so bitterly. Haven't you the grace to keep out of her sight?"

"No, Victor, I have not."

The reprobate spoke calmly enough, but there was an ominous glitter in his beady brown eyes.

"It is very hard," he went on, in a maudlin voice, "if a man is to be denied the privilege of visiting his own family after having been separated from them so many years."

Victor groaned. His father had spoken truly—it was hard.

"Besides," he added, "you will please bear in mind that the present awkward wrangling of affairs is not of my making. Did I come here to Roundwood to make myself known to my wife in the first instance? No: she came to Hook Dock and made herself known to me."

This was scarcely true; but Victor did not care to contradict it.

"Still," he said, "I am sorry you came here this morning. Do go away directly. I will follow you back to your vile haunts if you insist. But, for my mother's sake, I entreat you to go away now."

"I decline to go," snarled Miles. "If you force me to it, I may exercise my authority here, even yet."

Poor Victor turned cold at this threat.

"You dare not," he exclaimed. "It would be publishing your own dishonor. It would be publicly proclaiming yourself an escaped felon."

"Humph. You would think twice, my dear boy, and so would my *devoted* wife yonder, before giving me into the hands of the law."

Mrs. Raynham had been standing by her chair, pale and speechless. But she now found voice, and said very coldly, with her face turned away:

"I beg of you not to argue with this man, Victor. Perhaps he will be so good as to make known at once his errand here."

"That I will," snarled Miles, vindictively. "I come here that justice may be done me. Do you think I'm going to flaunt my rags in some filthy garret for the remainder of my days, while my wife and children are rolling in wealth? No, by the heaven above us, no!"

He had been slowly advancing into the room. With those last words, he brought down his fist with tremendous violence on the table near which Mrs. Raynham was standing.

Her eyelids quivered a little. But she turned round on him with all the haughty grace of an injured queen.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Money, money, money!"

"How much?"

"The half of all you possess."

The man's brazen impudence exasperated her. "Good God!" she said, just above her breath. "To think that *my* Leonard, the man I once loved as an angel and honored as a hero, should make such a demand of me as that!" Then, in a louder tone, she added, while a faint color kindled in her cheeks, "I refuse to rob my children that you may pander to your vices. Go. You have extorted money enough from us already. You have brought shame and misery enough upon us. Go! I will have naught to do with you."

The contempt expressed in every tone and gesture was terrible. Miles wilted under it. Instead of showing the rage and desperation that might have been expected, he suddenly flung himself on the floor at the angry woman's feet.

"See how humble I am," he said. "I believe you loved me once, Helen. Have you no pity for me now?"

She looked at him and wrung her hands wildly.

"Rise, I entreat you to rise," she cried. "I can refuse you nothing when you speak to me in the voice of the Leonard I loved, and lift his very eyes to mine. Rise, and leave me!"

"I will not rise until you have broken down with your own hand some of the barriers that have stood between us all these years."

"Oh, what can I do?"

"Give me the love a husband has the right to claim," he cried, passionately. "Give me a husband's place, and a husband's rights. Fly with me to some other land, where the ghosts of the past shall never rise to confront us! Help me to break loose from the bonds of sin, and to lead a better and a purer life. Help me to be myself again—the lost, dead self I buried so many years ago!"

There was a terrible pathos in his tone—a terrible power of pleading in eye and look and quivering lip.

That wronged, suffering woman felt it. She [illegible] sharply—and such a livid pallor overspread her face that Victor feared she was going to faint.

"Don't speak to me like that," she moaned. "Don't look at me like that."

Miles would not heed her. He saw the advantage he had gained, and seemed determined to keep it.

"We would take our children with us, Helen," he went on. "In time we would bind up every broken link of the past. We would live for each other, and I am sure happiness and peace would not long keep away from us! How could they, when we were trying to be pure and good and true?"

She leaned nearer and nearer to him, as he proceeded, like a poor victim drawn closer to the snake that has charmed it. Her features worked convulsively, and she wildly flung out both her arms.

In another instant they would have been round the reprobate's neck, and a burst of bitter tears would have betokened the triumph of a love that nothing could utterly destroy.

But she stood still as a statue with her hands extended until they almost touched his shoulders, and then stared at him wildly, incredulously, wonderingly.

At last a shrill, startled cry broke from her lips.

"Victor, this wretch is an impostor! He is *not* my husband!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

MOTHER AND SON.

Mrs. Raynham repeated that cry.

"Victor, the wretch is an impostor? He is *not* my husband!"

Then she fell fainting to the floor.

The young man quickly raised her up, and then turned to look at Miles Rugby.

The eyes of the two men met. Those of the reprobate fell under Victor's stern, searching gaze, and a muttered oath escaped his lips.

"Curse the luck!" he growled savagely. "That woman is just like all the rest of her sex, and must needs faint at the wrong moment, of course."

His face was very pale, and every feature was marked by a nervous, almost an abject fear.

After that first involuntary glance, however, he sedulously avoided meeting Victor's eye, and seemed more disturbed and shaken than the young man had ever seen him.

"Ring the bell," said Victor. "My mother must have assistance at once."

Miles laid his hand on the rope, but he did not pull it.

"Wait one moment," he muttered, with his brow knit thoughtfully; "I want to know what the woman meant by denying that I am her husband?"

"I cannot tell you. And if I could, this is no time to inquire into the matter."

"She must have seen something in my face to call forth that sudden outbreak."

"It is possible."

"But what?"

"Pull the rope," cried Victor, angrily.

"Certainly, my dear boy, certainly."

The reprobate's manner underwent an instantaneous change. The cloud disappeared from his brow, and whatever thought was troubling him he resolutely vanquished.

"I have rung for assistance," he added, stepping nearer to Victor. "In another moment the servants will come flocking into the room. I put the question to you, shall I remain to receive them, or shall I not?"

"Just as you please. I do not care," cried Victor, panting.

"Then, for that dear woman's sake," pointing to Mrs. Raynham, "I will go. She has been too much excited already by this interview. It will only add to her distress by finding me here when she recovers."

"True."

He softly touched the unconscious woman's brow. "Victor," he said, with considerable emotion, "I love your mother. You may not believe it, but I love her truly and fondly in spite of all that has come between us. I love her well enough to take myself away, even against my will and best interests, rather than cause her unnecessary pain."

He paused, for steps were heard approaching the door. After a moment's hesitation, he sprang to one of the low French windows and vaulted over the sill.

"I am compelled to go," he said, hurriedly, looking back from without. "But I must see you soon again, and *her*, too; and learn if she is ready to forgive and forget the past, and fly with me to some other land. Farewell."

His face vanished from the window just as half a dozen servants came trooping in at the door.

Victor felt himself trembling with excitement. His mother's wild words still rung in his ears. And the agitation of the man who claimed to be his father had not escaped his observation—though very well covered up. And Miles had seemed unaccountably willing to depart. What did it all mean? Was there a real reason for that sudden and startling exclamation his mother had made?

"Impossible!"

And yet to what other conclusion did the events of the last few minutes lead?

A dizzy faintness seized upon him the instant there were others in the room in whose care he could leave his mother, and unwonted clouds came before his dim eyes. He was compelled to cling with two trembling hands to the table for support. After a little, this dizziness passed off, and he went out for a turn in the shrubbery.

Mrs. Raynham had recovered her senses, and was sitting up when he returned. She at once beckoned him to approach.

"Has *he* gone?" she asked, in an eager whisper.

"Miles Rugby? Yes, he has gone."

"And I need not see him again?"

"You shall never see him again if you had rather not."

She wrung her hands wildly. "All this is so strange—so very strange!" she moaned. "I don't know what to think of it. Sometimes it seems as if I must be going mad."

"What is it that seems so strange?" he asked. "What did you mean by telling me that that man was not your husband?"

"Send the servants away and I will tell you."

Victor cleared the room, and then drew a chair up to the couch, and said—

"Now we are alone, mother. You can speak freely."

But Mrs. Raynham seemed in no hurry to speak. She lay for many minutes shivering and trembling and uttering not a word.

Victor's distress was great, as he watched her.

"Don't tell me anything," he said, at last. "You are not able."

"I must tell you," she cried, earnestly. "And you—you, my son, must get at the truth for me! Oh, it is terrible, terrible."

And she shuddered more violently than ever.

Presently she reached out her hand and caught hold of Victor's. "Hold me close," she murmured. "I wish to feel how very near you are to me while I tell you of the strange and horrible suspicion that has flashed upon my mind."

"My poor, poor mother."

"Listen, Victor. You heard me say that the man who passes under the alias of Miles Rugby was *not* my husband, Leonard Raynham, as he claims to be. Shall I tell you what gave rise to the singular suspicion?"

"Yes, yes."

"I have felt a repulsion toward that man from the hour when we came face to face in that wretched room in Hook Dock; such a repulsion as I am sure I could never have felt for the husband I once loved and honored and revered so truly."

Victor turned pale, and waited in breathless expectancy for what was to follow.

"When that man was here this morning, pleading with me with the face and the very voice of my beloved, I almost yielded to him. I almost promised to go away with him to some foreign land where I could help him to forget the crimes with which he is stained scarlet, and win him back to truth and purity. I listened to him and almost promised all that he asked of me."

She paused an instant, and a burning blush overspread her face.

"Oh, the wretch, the wretch!" she cried out, suddenly and vehemently; "I believe he was deceiving me. I believe he was meditating another crime at that very moment, one more daring than all the rest?"

Victor drew back in unaffected amazement.

"What do you mean?"

"Only this," she went on rapidly: "That man is an impostor and knew himself to be such. And yet he meant I should accept him for the husband who has been as dead to me so many, many years."

Her face was scarlet now—scarlet with the shame and indignation of an honest woman who has been approached by vice.

Victor uttered a cry of dismay. Her words sounded so wild and incoherent that he began to entertain fears for her reason.

"Pray calm yourself," he entreated. "I am sure you are being led into error of some sort. A man with my father's face, and figure, and voice, must needs be my father. How could you be mistaken for one moment on that point?"

She made answer, in a low, impressive voice:

"This man has three moles in a straight line under his right ear. Your father had no such mark!"

Victor drew a deep breath.

"And that is your reason for doubting his identity?" he asked.

"That, and the feeling of positive aversion I find myself unable to conquer."

"This last might be accounted for by the peculiar circumstances under which you parted years ago."

"True. But the moles of which I spoke? It is very rarely that marks like those make their appearance after one has reached maturity."

He could not deny this fact.

"Besides," she added, "my own intuitions are generally to be relied upon. And they speak loudly and imperatively against this wretched impostor."

"If Miles Rugby is not the man he claims to be—who, then, is he?"

She buried her face in both hands.

"Don't ask me that, Victor," she cried. "I have an idea. But it is too wild and improbable to be put into words. Ah, just Heaven! if my suspicions should be verified—if they should be verified—"

Her voice broke, and she could not go on directly.

"What then?" demanded Victor.

"Then your father was a martyr; and I have been blaming an innocent person, all these years?"

She uttered these words with strange and almost passionate vehemence. While Victor sat staring at her confounded, she began to sob wildly and hysterically.

At last she succeeded in calming herself.

"It is not strange that I weep," she murmured. "I fear that a terrible wrong has been done. The suspicion is in my mind, and will not be banished. Oh, my son, pity me!"

"I do pity you, my mother. And if it is possible to get at the truth of this matter, I will do that. I will test your suspicions until every doubt is verified, or else banished from your mind."

She flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him over and over again.

"Do that," she cried, "and I will bless you; and so will all persons who love justice and humanity. Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Mother and son were locked in a close embrace. For some moments the tears of both flowed freely. But at last Mrs. Raynham released herself, and said,

"Perhaps I ought to confide in you fully. But I cannot bring myself to do so. You must go on in this work blindfolded and with your hands tied."

"Why will you not speak?"

"If I do, your own suspicions will receive a direction at the outset. You cannot judge calmly and coolly of any discovery you may make. Your mind will be biased beforehand; and I prefer that you should set at work perfectly untrammelled."

"I believe you are right," he said, thoughtfully.

"And whatever you do," she resumed, "remember always that you have a wily and unscrupulous adversary with whom to deal. Remember that he will balk and baffle you at every turn if he once suspects what you are doing."

"I should know that from the knowledge of the man I have already gained."

"He may be far more crafty than you imagine. He *is*, if my suspicions have any foundation in truth."

"I will be careful for your sake."

"Do so. And oh, Victor, if you have any love for me, or any pity for my sufferings, shake off as soon as possible the contamination of that wicked man's companionship. Be with him as little as possible, and learn the truth."

"I promise."

They clung to each other, and sobbed over each other again, and at last they separated.

CHAPTER XXV.

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE.

Victor brooded long and earnestly over what his mother had said to him. The meshes of some subtle web seemed to be slowly but surely encompassing him.

"I will go once again to that haunt in Hook Dock," he thought. "And I will not leave it until I know Miles Rugby for what he is."

Somehow he experienced a feeling of relief. It would be a real satisfaction to know that the reprobate who claimed to be his father, was, in point of fact, no more to him than any other stranger.

He was making his preparations to depart when Vincent and Dora returned from Longdown. At the sight of the woman he loved so madly, he dropped everything where it was, wholly incapable for the time of going on.

"Oh, my darling," he murmured to himself. "What matters anything or everything else if I'm compelled to give up her I love."

He went wandering about the house for hours, more miserable than any words of mine can tell you. At last he fell in with Dora. It was in the conservatory. And, best of all, she was quite alone.

When Victor first saw her, she was half-reclining among the flowers, with her pure cheek close to a waxen lily, the color of which it seemed to be striving to imitate. But at sight of him she rose up hastily, and tottered toward the door.

Victor intercepted her way out.

"One moment," he pleaded. "I cannot let you pass until you have given me one precious moment of your time."

She glared at him with dilating eyes, and began to tremble.

"How dare you detain me?" she faltered.

"Can you not forgive me," he said, pleadingly, "even though my love for you *does* make me bold?"

At those words she began to pant and her bosom to swell, and her whole face to change.

"Love!" she echoed, vindictively. "This from you? Can *you* take that word on your lips after all that has occurred? Oh, you are a viler wretch than I had thought you then."

"Dora, you are not just to me."

"So you have told me before. Perhaps you will now kindly give me to understand in what the injustice of which you complain consists?"

"You bear me accused of the basest of crimes against love and honor, and believe the accusation, without giving me a chance to defend myself or to clear my name of the stigma flung upon it!"

She gave him a look of such withering scorn and contempt as made him tremble.

"No," she cried, vehemently. "I have done even better than to give you a chance to defend yourself. Shame be to me that I must confess it—I have sought to clear you myself!"

He stared, and stood transfixed. "I do not understand you," he faltered.

"You shall directly. When the woman you so basely deserted claimed you for her husband, no matter what I said or did at the time, in my secret heart I hoped she might be an impostor, and you an innocent man."

"And such, as God hears me, I am."

"Listen," she interrupted, fiercely. "I would not condemn you without sifting the matter to the bottom. The certificate which Honoria Vane produced was dated at Longdown. And to Longdown I went this morning."

She paused, and fixed her dilating eyes more keenly than ever upon his face. She had seen him start and change color at her last words.

"Well," he said, after a long pause, "I am sure you could have discovered nothing at Longdown to confirm that impostor's most improbable story."

"Unfortunately, I *did* discover something."

"What?"

"In the first place, I saw the clergyman who married you to Miss Vance."

"Who married *me* to Miss Vance!" he repeated, with a cry of dismay.

"That is what I said," she went on, in a hard, cold voice. "And I saw your name associated with hers in a record that was kept."

"Impossible!"

"And the clergyman remembered you perfectly."

He drew back from her in such confusion and dismay at those words that Dora instantly became more hysterical than ever. She mistook his agitation for the evidence of guilt, as any other person in her position would have done.

"Yes," she repeated, "the clergyman remembered you perfectly. And he gave a correct description of your person. Oh, Victor, Victor, how could you be so cruel to me? How could you break my heart so recklessly?"

She stood wringing her hands, and shaking all over, but with hot, tearless eyes. The blessed comfort of tears was denied her.

Victor's distress seemed still greater than her own. Even his lips were white, and cold beads of agony bedewed his brow. He struggled with himself for a few moments, and then he spoke.

"Why will you not believe me, Dora? I would kill myself sooner than harm you or cause you a moment's pain. You have done me an infamous wrong in listening to the stories of these people who seek my ruin."

"For shame!" she cried. "Do I not know that you made love to me while you were bound by the most sacred of ties to another woman?"

"I never cared for any woman save you."

"And you dare stand there and confess it? Oh, this is too much!"

Her hands were still clasped, and she rocked her body to and fro. Victor looked at her pityingly and lovingly a moment, then went up to her and knelt before her.

"I tell you solemnly, and as if with my dying breath, that there is some terrible mistake in this matter. I am *not* the guilty wretch you think me. And in spite of all your bitterness, in spite of all you have said to hurt and wound me, I love you so well at this very moment, that I would gladly lay down my life for your sweet sake."

"Don't, don't!" she moaned, trying to stop him.

"Some foul conspiracy is on foot," he resumed, without heeding her. "And I am to be the innocent victim of that conspiracy. Oh, Dora, if you would only trust me a little longer! if you would only try with me to sift this matter to the bottom!"

"I *have* tried to trust you—tried against my better judgment. And what has come of it? Nothing but shame and disappointment. Can you ask me to suffer or sacrifice any more for you? Can you wish to degrade me any lower than I am degraded already?"

"Oh, Dora, Dora!"

"I kept your infamy a secret before," she exclaimed, passionately. "I have done for you this very day what no woman in her senses should have done. And how have you repaid—"

He put up his hands with a gesture of horror, and interrupted her.

"My God, Dora! Did I hear aright? Did you refer to the missing five thousand dollars just now?"

"You know I did," she said, angrily.

"And you really believe, after all that has been said, after all that has occurred, that *I* stole the money?"

"You made me doubt at one time, with your false show of distress," she replied in a strangely vindictive voice. "But my convictions are stronger than ever at this moment, that you stole the five thousand dollars."

He groaned at that, staggered slowly to his feet, and pointed to the door.

"See," he said, quavering, "I detain you no longer. Farewell, Dora."

His face told her how terribly he had been wounded by her words. She moved forward a few steps, and then swept round quick as a flash, and dropped a burning kiss upon his forehead, and another on his lips.

"Farewell, Victor," she cried.

The door opened and closed, the next instant she was gone, and the poor, humiliated, tortured man was left to wrestle alone with his agony.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE LION'S DEN.

Victor could not remain quietly in the house after that scene with Dora was over. He went back to his old preparations for departure.

"I have a double mission to perform, now," he said to himself in a weary, hopeless way that would have gone straight to a listener's heart. "I may fail, or I may lose my life before both are accomplished. But there is nothing left for me now save to push onward to the end, whatever that may be."

At a late hour that same evening he was knocking for admittance at the door of the closed-up house in Hook Dock.

The usual password was the only "*open sesame,*" he wanted, and he soon found himself threading the pitch-dark passage which led to the apartment frequented by the desperadoes who nightly congregated there.

As usual, he found about a dozen persons of both sexes gathered around two tables, drinking poor gin, and playing poker with a greasy pack of cards.

A single glance round the room told him that Miles Rugby was not there. So he stepped boldly up to the nearest man and said—

"Can you tell me where I shall find my father?"

The reprobate looked up at him quickly and sharply.

"Eh?" he grunted. Then he turned to his comrades and cried out with a silly laugh—

"Look a here, my fine fellers. Here's a poor innocent as has lost his pap. What are we going to do for him?"

"Leave him alone, and he'll come home—like Bo-peep's sheep," said a voice.

Victor's eyes flashed fire. But he saw that both speakers were drunk, and wisely refrained from resenting their insolence. He was turning away when somebody touched his arm.

"I reckon it must be the cap'n you're wantin' to see?" said a coarse but respectful voice.

"Yes, Miles Rugby."

"He can't be far off. I saw him only a moment since."

The speaker, one of the most decent-looking men present, rose up as he spoke, and led the way to a side door.

"Go down this passage," he said, "and try the doors on either hand—you'll find the cap'n in one or the other of the side-rooms."

Victor thanked him, and stepped into the passage. It was long and very dimly lighted, so that he was compelled to half grope his way along.

Presently the sound of voices struck upon his ears. Even the words that were being uttered became audible as he pushed his way steadily down the passage.

"I tell you that the Raynhams are as much in my power as they are in yours. I could throw a bomb-shell among them to-morrow, if I felt so disposed."

A woman's soft, musical treble—and that woman Honoria Vance!

Victor gave a great gasp and stood still in his tracks when this fact flashed upon his mind.

Honoria—in that den of desperadoes! What did it mean?

He listened, with his heart in his mouth.

"How so?" he heard Miles Rugby inquire.

"That is my secret."

"And you choose to keep it?"

"For the present—yes."

Miles gave a half angry snort. "Don't carry your head too high, my lady. I know you've got some desperate scheme or other in your mind, or you never would have buried yourself at Lotus Lodge as you have done for the past few weeks."

"Yes," she returned, coolly, "my scheme is a desperate one."

"You may need my help in carrying it out."

"It is possible. But I choose to work by myself for the present."

Victor wanted to hear more, and had meant to hear more. But, unfortunately, he could not repress a snarl of rage at this juncture. It reached the ears of the speakers—the door at which he had halted was pushed suddenly open, and he stood revealed.

Miles Rugby was the first to see him. "You here?" he cried, angrily, and seized him by the collar and dragged him into the room.

Honoria gave a shriek of dismay.

"Victor Raynham," she gasped, changing color, and looking very much confused.

"Yes," snarled Miles. "And he has been listening at the door. He has heard what we have been saying."

"Is this true?"

Honoria's beautiful eyes glittered like the eyes of a serpent when she confronted him and asked this question.

His lip curled haughtily. "I heard scarcely anything," he answered. "Would to heaven it had been more."

She regarded him fixedly, but with a look of relief.

"Why should you have such a wish?"

"Because, in that case, I might have learned something of your iniquitous schemes, and been able to expose them."

The words were wrung from his tortured heart. But he regretted them the moment they were uttered.

If he hoped ever to accomplish anything, he must learn to command himself, and to meet cunning with cunning.

Honoria's only answer was a smile. She seemed to be assured of her own position, and to glory in her power.

"You need not be afraid of me—either of you, I mean," Victor added, in the next breath. "I am a desperate man, driven to desperate emergencies. On the whole, I feel much more like making friends with you both than causing you unnecessary trouble."

This elicited a loud laugh from Miles. "That's the sort of talk I like to hear," he exclaimed; "and there's my hand, and in giving it to you I mean to say by it, that so long as your sentiments are what they are, I'll stand by you through thick and thin."

Victor took the proffered hand, thinking at the same time that this was a singular speech for a father to make to his son.

Honoria looked on in half scornful indifference. She evidently had noticed the glaring disparity between the first speech of Victor's, and that which immediately followed it, and did not fully trust him.

"It seems strange enough to meet you here," she said, presently.

"You can't be any more surprised at the meeting than I am, Miss Vance. I was not aware that Hook Dock was often visited by ladies of your rank."

"Don't sneer, Mr. Raynham. Language of that sort doesn't become you. Does my presence in this house surprise you? It is easily accounted for. Miles Rugby is an old friend of mine."

"Ay, a very old friend," said Miles, with a singular smile.

"And I visit him frequently," Honoria added. "Some of his resorts are not very respectable, it is true. But I must seek him in them, or not see him at all."

"Yes, she must come here, my boy. The world has made an outcast of me, you know. I cannot hold up my head among honest people, and so my friends, if I have any, must seek me *in just such places as this.*"

Honoria listened, and laid her hand on Victor's arm.

"It *is* a little singular," she said, "that you and I should meet here after our parting of yesterday."

He colored to the temples. "I hope you have come to your senses since then, Miss Vance, and have dispelled the illusion under which you were laboring."

"To what illusion do you refer?"

"You know as well as I do."

"Perhaps I do," with a careless laugh. "But I made no claims at that time which I do not make to-night, or which I shall not be ready to make to-morrow or next week."

"What!" he cried out sharply. "Do you persist in saying to my face that we are man and wife?"

"I persist in saying that very thing."

"You are mad! You know very well that we are nothing to each other."

"I know this," she cried, bitterly, "that you have found a newer flame, and are only too anxious to cast me off."

Miles was staring at them in a dumb-founded way, his head thrown a little to one side.

"What are you two gabbling about?" he demanded.

"A secret which concerns only ourselves."

"Don't be saucy, my lady. Out with it."

Honoria hesitated a moment—flushed all over her beautiful face, and then grew pale as death.

"I am a deserted wife," she said, in a very low voice. "Victor Raynham is my husband."

"What!" yelled Miles, loudly and incredulously.

"Victor is my husband. He married me some four years ago, at Longdown."

She spoke these words slowly and monotonously. Miles stared at her as if he thought she must be going mad. At last he turned and looked at Victor.

"Is this true, my son?"

"No, no!" reiterated the young man. "It is false as hell! She is my enemy, and in league with others to tear me from her I love."

Honoria laughed contemptuously.

"Of course you will believe that recreant's story before believing mine. It is the way of the world to take side with the wrong-doer."

"Humph. I shall believe what seems to me probable, and nothing more."

Honoria turned on him like a flash.

"Perhaps you will believe *that!*" she cried, thrusting the marriage certificate under his nose.

"Good Lord!" muttered Miles, and stood transfixed.

"Or if you should refuse to trust to black and white," Honoria went on, angrily, "I'm sure you will not dispute the testimony of the clergyman who married us."

"No," staggering back. "After this, I shall not dispute anything you may say to me."

He slyly rubbed his hands together, and a cunning expression came into his beady brown eyes.

As for Victor, he started forward, his face all aglow with indignation. "I dispute this woman's account from beginning to end," he exclaimed, passionately. "She has loaned herself to a base and most daring fraud. She is not my wife, and I never dreamed of making her such."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XII.

"Thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than cross this love of mine."

Trembling, paralyzed, shrinking with terror and superstitious awe, as she recollected her vision, Jessie stood quailing before that dark, passionate glance.

And, glaring upon her with a hatred and jealousy that for the time, "swept her soul in tempests," and inspired her with a momentary frenzy, Helena stood transfixing her with those wild, fierce eyes. With one glance she took in all her rival's extraordinary beauty, far surpassing even what she feared; and the sight, to her passionate heart, was like oil poured upon flame.

"So!" she hissed at length through her closed teeth, "pretty Mistress Jessie has found a lover during my absence. Girl, take care! You have begun a dangerous game, but the end has not yet come."

Her words broke the spell of terror that held Jessie dumb. And now, noticing her disordered attire, and wild, dishevelled hair, she said, in surprise and entreaty,

"Miss Helena, what has happened? What have I done? I did not know you were on the island."

"No, I am aware of that," said Helena, with a hard, bitter laugh. "Oh, it is a wondrous pity I should have come so soon to spoil the sport. You and your dainty lover thought yourselves secure—thought Helena Macdonald far away. But again I say to you beware, for 'twere better for you to tamper with a lioness robbed of her young, than with the passions of this beating, throbbing heart."

She looked like some priestess of doom denouncing woe upon all mankind as she stood there, with her long black streaming hair, her wild, burning, passionate eyes, her face white, rigid, and ghastly, save where the two purple spots still blazed in and out on either cheek.

"Oh, Miss Helena—dear Miss Helena! what have I done? Oh, I never—never meant to offend you, or stand in your path; as Heaven hears me I did not! Tell me, only tell me in what I have offended, and I will never do it again!" said Jessie, clasping her hands in increasing terror and childlike simplicity.

"What have you done? Have you really the effrontery to stand there and ask me such a question?"

"Miss Helena, I do not know—indeed, indeed I do not know!" exclaimed Jessie, earnestly.

In all the storm of anger and jealousy that raged in her soul, a look of superb scorn curled the lips of Helena.

"You do not know. Oh wondrous innocence! angelic simplicity! Must I despise as well as hate you? Listen, then, since I must speak my shame, and answer me truly, as you hope for salvation. Promise."

"I promise!"

"Swear to answer me truly, by all you hold dear on earth! by your hopes of Heaven!"

"I swear! Oh, Helena, speak!" cried Jessie, wrought up to an agony of terror and excitement by her words.

"Then—and may Heaven's heaviest curse fall upon him if I conjecture truly—has Herbert Clinton dared to speak of love to you?"

Pale, trembling, terror-stricken, Jessie's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; had her life depended on it, no sound could have escaped her quivering lips.

"Speak, and tell me—speak, for I must know—I have a right to know!" cried Helena, grasping her arm, and setting her teeth hard to keep down the tempest of passion that was sweeping through her soul.

"Oh, spare me—spare me!" wailed Jessie, lifting up her pleading hands.

"Death, girl! Must I tear the truth from your false heart! Tell me truly, has he dared to speak of love—and have you dared to listen to him? Heavens! will you speak before I am tempted to murder you."

"Oh, do not ask me—do not ask me!" cried Jessie, in a dying voice, as trembling, fainting, she sank at the feet of her terrible foe.

With her hands clenched until the nails sank into the quivering flesh, her teeth set hard, her deep, labored breathing, her passion-convulsed face, she looked more like an enraged pythoness than a frail girl learning for the first time her lover's infidelity.

She required no further proof now. He whom she would have trusted with her soul's salvation, was false. And, oh! what is there more terrible in this world, than to learn that one whom we love and trust has proven untrue?

Helena had loved as she had done everything else—madly; had trusted blindly; had worshipped idolatrously, adoring man instead of God; and now this awakening was doubly terrible. Had Jessie been in her place, she would have wept and sobbed in the utter abandon of sorrow; but her grief would have been nothing compared with the dry, burning despair in those wild black eyes.

Now that she had learned the worst, her fiery, tempestuous fierceness passed away, and there fell a great calm—a calm all the more terrific after her late storm of passion.

"And so I am forsaken," she said, in a deep, hollow voice, "and for her—this pretty, blue-eyed baby. I, that he promised to love through life and beyond death. Saints in heaven! shall he do this and live?"

"You?" said Jessie, lifting her pale, terrified face. "And did he promise to love you too?"

"Yes, learn it, and let it whelm your soul with shame. Before he saw you, before he knew you, he loved me; and I was to be his wife. Yes, weep and wail and sob; your tears shall not soon dry. You have caused him to forget his vows, his honor, his plighted faith, his promised love to me, and you must pay the penalty."

"Oh, I never knew it—I never knew it!" wailed Jessie, wringing her hands.

"And as he has been false to me, so likewise will he be false to you. You are the cause of this treachery, of his broken vows, his perjured soul, you are the cause of all; and think you such love can be blest?"

"Forgive me! Oh, Helena, forgive me!" still wailed Jessie, in a dying voice.

"May heaven never forgive me if I do!" cried Helena, with impassioned vehemence. "Think you, girl, I am one to be won by tears and protestations? Faugh! you should have thought of all this when you listened to his unlawful love."

"Oh, I did not know! I did not know! As Heaven hears me, I did not know. I would have died sooner than listened to him, had I known."

"Prove it," said Helena, with a sudden gleam of her dark eyes.

"How—how! Only say how I shall redeem my error! Let me know how I may atone!"

"Atone!—you!" said Helena, with a withering sneer. "I tell you, girl, if your life could be prolonged for a thousand years, and every second of that time spent in torture, you could not atone for the wrong you have done me. But make such expiation as you can—prove at least that there is some truth in your words."

"O Helena, I would willingly die if I could redeem my fault."

"Your death would not redeem it. What is your paltry life to me? Neither do I require it—the sacrifice I would have you make is easier. Give him up!"

"Oh, anything but that! Helena, that is worse than death," cried the stricken child-bride, in a fainting voice.

"Did you not say you would atone? prove it now—give him up—it is my right, and I demand it. Promise."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!" moaned Jessie, shrinking down, down, as though she would never rise again.

"And this is your repentance—this your atonement for what you have done?" said Helena, stepping back, and regarding her with superb scorn. "This then is the end of all your fine promises. Girl, I tell you, you dare not; it is at your peril you see him more. My claim is above yours. I warn, I insist, I demand of you to give him up. It is my right, and you shall do it. What are you, little reptile, that you should stand in the path of Helena Macdonald?"

"I am his wife," arose to the lips of Jessie.

That little sentence she well knew would have silenced Helena's claims for ever; but she remembered her promise in time, and was silent.

"Rise, girl, don't cower there at my feet," said Helena, stepping back in utter contempt. "It is your place, it is true; but his love has ennobled you, since it has raised you to the rank of my rival. Am I to understand that you promise your connection with him shall be at an end?"

"Miss Helena, I cannot. I love him."

And pale and sad, Jessie rose and stood before her.

The blaze, the dark, scorching, flaming glance from those eyes of fire might have killed her.

"And you dare to say this to me?" she said, or rather hissed, through her tightly clenched teeth. "Audacious girl, do you not fear that I will strike you dead where you stand?"

Again Jessie thought of her vision, and trembling, terrified, fainting, she clung to a rock for support, unable to speak. With all the fiery, long-slumbering passion of her lion-heart aroused, the fierce, dark girl before her looked desperate enough for anything.

"Promise!" she said, in a hollow voice, coming nearer, and raising her arm, as if to accomplish her words.

"I cannot! Oh Miss Helena, I cannot!" faltered the almost fainting Jessie.

"Promise!" again cried Helena, glaring upon her with her wild, dark eyes.

"I cannot!" still wailed Jessie, pressing her hand over her heart.

"Promise, or die!" exclaimed the mad girl, grasping her by the arm in a vice-like grip.

"I cannot—I would sooner die!" said Jessie, as, unable to stand, she again sank at the feet of her vindictive foe.

For a moment it seemed as though the threat would be accomplished, as Helena stood over her like one turned to stone. But the next instant, releasing her hold, she hurled her from her; and as if fleeing from temptation, fled down the rocks, over the rough path toward the castle, and sank fainting and exhausted on the sitting-room floor.

An hour after Allie entered, and beholding the prostrate form of Helena, with her streaming hair, lying prone on the floor, grew alarmed, and coming over, she shook her gently, saying,

"Miss Helena, are you ill? Come, get up now like a good leddy, before you catch your death o' cold a lyin' on the bare floor. Indeed, 'tis no right for young people to heave themselves into the draft this way."

But Allie went through all the phases of the potential mood—"commanding, exhorting"—in vain. Her young mistress neither moved nor stirred.

At length Helena lifted her head, and half rose, disclosing a face so pale and haggard, a form so sunken and collapsed, that Allie started back in terror.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Miss Helena? I declare to heaven if you have not almost skeered me out o' my wits, sure enough. Are you ill, my leddy?"

"Yes, sick at heart! sick at heart!" said Helena, in a despairing voice.

"I knowed something was the matter with you. Well, get up like a good child, and let me get some tea for you—it's the best cure in the world for sick complaints."

"Oh, Allie, leave me. My illness is beyond your art. Neither 'poppy nor mandragora' can ever medicine me to that sweet sleep I once slept beneath this roof."

"Now, don't say so," said Allie, touched by her hopeless tone. "Folks are no took so sudden as all that, you know. I ain't got no poppy nor man dragoon; but tea is just as good, cordin' to my way o' thinkin'. An' when you take a good night's rest, you'll be all well in the mornin'."

"Rest? Rest? When shall I rest again? Allie, leave me. I want to be alone."

"Indeed, Miss Helena, I dare not do it—'twon't do to leave you here in the draft all alone. Let me help you to bed, an' make the tea, an' you'll be better to-morrow, sure."

"Oh, this heart, this heart!"

"Yes, Miss Helena, I know. It's the cramps you've got, an' I advise you to get up. Come, come."

And Allie put her arm coaxingly around her young lady's neck, and attempted to lift her up.

"O Allie! If you only knew my affliction! What matters it whether I die or not, since I have nothing more to live for? I might as well die now as live; for the living death of a loveless life."

"You mustn't talk so, Miss Helena; it's no right, nor likewise respectful to the Lord, who sends us cramps as well as health sometimes. 'Tis really stonishin' the way you take on about it."

"Allie, I am not bodily ill—only wronged, suffering, despairing, deceived, broken-hearted almost," said Helena, looking straight before her, with a fixed anguished look.

"Dear heart, don't take on so about it. I'm very sorry."

And good old Allie passed her hand gently and caressingly over the glossy locks of the young girl.

"Oh, there is nothing but falsehood in this world! I, who loved and trusted so much, to be now deceived! I would have staked my life, my soul, on his fidelity. And now, this awakening from my blissful, delusive dream is worse than death. O Allie, my dear old friend, is there any one who really loves me in this world but you?"

And, wholly overcome, Helena's strong despair gave way to passionate burst of tears.

Since Helena had been a child, Allie never remembered to have seen her weep before; and now, in her quaint, tender manner, she strove to soothe her grief. But still the young girl wept and sobbed with wild vehemence, until nature was relieved, and she looked up calmer and far less despairing than before.

"Allie," she said, suddenly, "what time does Evan go over to Craig's End to-morrow?"

"Before noon."

"Then tell him to be ready to take me to Glenleith before he goes for *him!* And now, Allie, I will follow your advice, and retire."

"But won't you take a cup of tea, my leddy?" persisted the old woman, who had some vague idea of the all-powerful virtues of the herb.

"No, no, thank you; I do not need it."

"But it'll do you good, my leddy; you'll feel more comfortable for it."

"Comfort! comfort! Can anything ever restore comfort here?"

And she struck her breast with her hand.

"Yes, my leddy, some strong tea."

"Good night, Allie."

And Helena flitted like a shadow up the long staircase, and disappeared in the gloom beyond.

CHAPTER XIII.

—Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ. SHAKESPEARE.

The next morning Helena made her appearance in the sitting-room, pale, wan, and haggard, as though she had spent a sleepless night. But she appeared calm. Whatever course she had determined to pursue seemed fully settled, and now she was calm; but it was like the calmness of a sleeping volcano, from which fire and flame hurling destruction on all, might at any moment burst forth.

Answering gravely all Allie's anxious inquiries after her health, she seated herself at the breakfast-table, but touched nothing save a cup of hot coffee. And, after this slight refreshment, she put on her hat and mantle, and descended to the beach, where Evan, with the boat, was awaiting her coming.

Seating herself, she wrapped her mantle closely around her, and fixing her eyes steadily on the dancing waves, the journey was performed in stern silence. Two hours brought them to Glenleith; and leaving her there, Evan set out for Craig's End, to meet Clinton. Arriving there, he found that young gentleman, accompanied by Captain Macdonald and a florid, bald-headed old man, who proved to be the surgeon.

On their way, Herbert explained to them how the wounded man and his wife had been saved from the wreck. And when they reached the island, Captain Macdonald, unconscious that his sister was gone, hastened to the castle, while Herbert accompanied the surgeon to the cottage of Mrs. Ben.

As they entered, Jessie, who, in spite of her hidden grief, was busily employed as usual, looked hastily up, and turned, if possible, a shade paler than before.

Mrs. Vaughan sat listlessly turning over the leaves of a novel, with a "terribly bored" look on her pretty face, while opposite her, supported by pillows, on Mrs. Ben's wooden sofa, lay her wounded husband, whose eyes never for a moment wandered from her face.

He was a man of thirty at least, and would have been handsome but for his ghastly pallor, and a certain sour, querulous, suspicious expression his face wore. His complexion, naturally dark, had faded to a sickly yellow, looking almost white in contrast with his black hair, and thick black whiskers and moustache. But it was the expression of his face that was particularly unprepossessing—in the thin, compressed lips, and watchful, cunning eyes, you could read suspicion, distrust, and doubt. Two things would have struck you instantly, had you seen him sitting there—one was his passionate love for his wife; the other a slumbering fire of jealousy, that the faintest breath might have fanned into a never-dying flame.

They formed a striking contrast as they sat there—she so pretty, careless, sunny, and indifferent; he so haggard with illness, and with that watchful, distrustful look on his face. And yet it had been a love-match—he loved her to idolatry, and she, rejecting perhaps worthier suitors, at the age of seventeen had run away from school, and eloped with Charles Vaughan. Herbert Clinton had been among the rejected ones. Before the honeymoon was over, the wild girl had found she had married a jealous, exacting tyrant, who hated every man on whom she smiled, and would have kept her locked up where no eye but his own could ever rest upon her, had he dared.

At first, little Fanny submitted to his caprices, because she loved him, or thought she did; but, as he grew more and more exacting, this love died wholly away, and the little bride awoke, one morning, in dismay, to find she had made a life-long mistake. Still she was too good and generous to strive to lay the blame on him, for taking advantage of her youth and romantic impulse to fly with him, and would have laughed, and danced on as merrily as ever with him through life, without letting him know it, had not his own conduct brought on the *denouement*.

He continued to be tyrannical; Fanny, naturally proud and high-spirited, grew at length very tired of his absurd fancies and wishes, and vowed she would no longer be a "meek, submissive wife." But, though inwardly despising him herself, she would allow no one else to speak slightingly of him, as her first interview with Herbert Clinton proves. And all the previous night she had hovered over his bedside, anticipating his every want with the most tender and vigilant care; and it was only when the next morning he found himself able to get up that she had resumed her careless indifference to himself and his wishes. Had he been more generous and less suspicious—had he had faith in his young wife, she would have loved him, and been his alone; but had he really wished to make her hate him he could not have taken a surer plan to bring about such a result than the one he did.

All this long digression is necessary, that too much blame may not be thrown upon the shoulders of the poor little girl-bride for her reckless conduct, and the awful catastrophe that followed.

When Herbert and the doctor entered, Jessie, who had anxiously waited for this opportunity, seeing Mrs. Ben busily engaged, touched her husband on the arm, and, whispering "Follow me," left the house.

He unhesitatingly obeyed, and overtook her near the end of the garden, where, pale and troubled, she stood leaning against a tree.

"Well, Jessie, what is it?" he asked, in surprise.

"Herbert," she said, lifting her reproachful eyes to his face, "Helena Macdonald was here last night!"

"Well!" he said, starting, and coloring deeply.

"Oh, Herbert! she told me all—how you had deceived her, and deceived me! Oh, Herbert! how could you do so?"

"Deceived her?—deceived you? I do not understand, Jessie," he said, coldly.

"Oh, Herbert! you do! You promised to love only her—to marry her; yet you deceived her, and married me!"

"Well, a moment ago, you said I deceived you, likewise. And how, I pray you, madam? Go on," he said, with a sneer.

"You made me your wife whilst pledged to another!"

"Which, doubtless, causes you a great deal of sorrow," he said, in a tone of slight pique; for though his passion for Jessie was dying away, he could not endure the thought, as yet, of her forgetting him!

"Oh, Herbert! you know being your wife is the greatest happiness on earth for me; but when I saw her last night so wild, passionate, and despairing, I felt as if I could have died for very shame, to think I had been the cause of her misery!"

"Then she did seem despairing?" he said, while his face flushed.

"Oh, yes! almost crazed, mad, frenzied. Her eyes seemed killing me!"

"Who could have told her?—not you?" he exclaimed, suddenly.

"Oh, no—no! I do not know how she heard it; but she knew all."

"What! our marriage, and all?" he cried, starting up, and speaking in a tone that made Jessie start back.

"No; she did not know that. But—"

"You did not dare to tell her?" he said, almost threateningly.

"Oh! why will you speak to me in that tone, dearest Herbert? I did not mean to reproach you."

"It is very like it, however," he said, bitterly.

"But may I not tell her, Herbert? She wanted me to give you up; and I thought she would have killed me because I refused. I fear she may come again; and, indeed, such another interview would kill me! If she knew all she would desist. O Herbert, dearest, will you not tell her?—or may I not tell her?"

"Not for the world—not for ten thousand worlds. Would you ruin me, Jessie?" he exclaimed, impetuously.

"Ruin you, Herbert?" she said, faintly.

"My worldly prospects, I mean. My—Oh, the thing is impossible!" he said, vehemently. "I will not hear of it for a moment."

"But you promised—" she began, in a choking voice.

"And will keep that promise when the proper time comes. At present, it is impossible—utterly impossible, I tell you. You must have faith in me, and wait, Jessie."

Faith! Was he worthy of it? The thought arose in the mind of Jessie, to be instantly banished, as she heroically kept back her rising tears, and strove to say, in a calm voice—

"Wait! But for how long? Herbert, this secrecy is dreadful—this deception weighs on my heart like lead!"

"I do not know—I cannot tell. How often have I said, when the proper time comes, when I may safely avow it, all shall be revealed? Jessie, you are selfish—you have no consideration for any one but yourself. If I loved you better than Miss Macdonald, you should be the last one to reproach me with it. Take care that many such scenes as this do not banish that love altogether!"

His deeply-offended tone sent the coldness of death to the very heart of Jessie. She had not meant to anger him, and now he was deeply displeased. He had never looked nor spoken to her so before. And totally overcome, she covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud.

He was not proof against her tears. All the old tenderness returned at the sight, and going over, he removed her hands, saying, gently—

"My dearest love, forgive me. I was vexed, surprised, grieved, and in the wrong. Look up, little wife—lift up those blue eyes, and say you forgive me."

Before she could reply, a footstep was heard approaching, and she had only time to bestow on him one look of love and pardon and dart away ere Captain Macdonald came in view.

"Well, Clinton, what says the doctor about your patient?" he demanded, as he came up.

"I have not seen him since he went in. But here he comes to answer for himself."

At this moment the doctor made his appearance, and Herbert propounded the inquiry.

"Oh, it's nothing serious, sir. He'll be better in a day or two," replied the doctor. "Meantime, how am I to get home?"

"My servant is down on the shore, waiting to take you over," said Captain Macdonald.

"I'll attend you down, doctor," said Herbert, taking the old gentleman's arm.

"And as I reign undisputed king here, I suppose it will be only a polite attention to visit my wounded subject," said Captain Macdonald, approaching the cottage.

On entering, he was presented by Mrs. Ben to her guests.

Equally surprised and pleased to find so pretty and piquant a little lady in Mrs. Vaughan, the young captain took a seat beside her, and entered forthwith into conversation. Mr. Vaughan scowled at the handsome young captain from under his black eyebrows, but said nothing.

And Mrs. Vaughan, mutually delighted by the agreeable and gentlemanly new-comer, flung aside her novel, forgot her *ennui*, and laughed and chatted with a volubility that amazed and delighted her companion, who immediately entered into a war of wit, words, and repartee, during which the time sped rapidly away.

Mrs. Ben was the only auditor, however, who seemed in the least to enjoy their smart sayings, and sharp, witty retorts, for Fritz, under the unfailing eye of his aunt, was groaning in spirit, as he sat plucking fowls, with a haste and energy that brought great drops of perspiration to his brow, hearing every time he ventured to look up a shrill "You, Fritz," that instantly set him to work again with renewed vigor. Jessie, pale, silent, and thoughtful, bent over her sewing near the window; and Mr. Vaughan's scowl grew every moment darker and darker.

At last, after two delightful hours, Captain Macdonald arose reluctantly to go, saying—

"My sister will, doubtless, be here in a day or two, Mrs. Vaughan, and then you must become our guest. Meantime, I shall be delighted to show you my island home, and assist in every way I can to make the time of your stay pass as pleasantly as possible."

Mr. Vaughan's midnight brows grew black as a thundercloud, and blacker, if possible, as his wife gayly replied—

"Thank you, Captain Macdonald. Nothing could give me more pleasure; so to-morrow I shall, with your permission, take an inventory of your enchanting isle."

"Shall you, madam?" muttered her husband, between his teeth. "We shall see about that!"

All the rest of the evening Mr. Vaughan was just as silent, sulky, and sour as he knew how to be, which is saying a good deal. And that night, after they had retired to the inner room, which Mrs. Ben had vacated for their use, he took her to task in the following manner—

"Pray, madam, may I ask what business you had giving that fellow any such promise as you did?"

Now Mrs. Vaughan had seen her husband's groundless jealousy all the evening, and had been excessively annoyed thereby, fearing Captain Macdonald might observe it too, and wonder at it. Therefore, feeling justly indignant, she coolly replied—

"Because, sir, it was my good pleasure to do so!"

"Indeed!"—and the dark brow foreboded a storm—"indeed, Mrs. Vaughan! And is it your intention to go roaming with this fellow alone, through the island, to-morrow"

"Most assuredly, Mr. Vaughan. How astonishingly clever you are at guessing!"

"Madam, you *shall not* go!"

"Sir, I *shall* go!" said the lady, imitating his tone exactly.

"Have you no respect for yourself, madam—none for me, your husband?"

"Not the least, sir."

"It will be on your peril if you go."

"No it won't—it'll be on my feet."

"Silence, madam!" he thundered, grinding his teeth with rage. "Do not dare to be impertinent, or you will repent it."

"Mr. Vaughan, allow me to observe the inmates of this house are trying to sleep. How they will succeed, if you go on in that manner, is a question easily answered," said Mrs. Vaughan, sitting down, with most provoking coolness, and beginning to unlace her boots.

"Mrs. Vaughan, I command you not to go with this man to-morrow!"

"Mr. Vaughan, you may command till you are black in the face; but I've promised, and I'll go!" said his rebellious spouse.

He half sprung up from the bed in which he was lying, his eyes fairly scintillating with rage.

"Would you dare disgrace me in this way?" he said, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"Disgrace you? Disgrace a fiddlestick! Are you losing all the little sense you ever had, Mr. Vaughan?" said his wife, now really indignant.

"Are you really smitten with—do you love this man?" he asked, in a hoarse, fierce whisper, keeping his gleaming black eyes still fixed on her face.

For a moment a flash of intense anger shot from the eyes of Mrs. Vaughan; then, as if the absurdity of the question overcame every other feeling, she threw herself back in her chair, and broke out into a hearty peal of laughter.

The action might have dispersed his absurd doubts; but as nothing can convince jealous souls, he even looked upon this as another proof of her guilt; and raising himself up in his bed, he grasped her arm, while again he hissed—

"Do you love him?"

"Mr. Vaughan, don't bother me," said his polite spouse, indignantly shaking off his hand; "and don't make a greater simpleton of yourself than Nature made you. Love him, indeed! I've had enough of love for one while, I can tell you. I found it dose enough the last time I was fool enough to try it, and now that I've got nicely over it, nobody'll catch me at it again."

This was a most unfortunate speech, for Vaughan's fear, day and night, was lest his wife should cease to love him. He closed his teeth with a snap, and fell back on his pillow with a sepulchral moan.

There was a pause, during which Mr. Vaughan lay with knit brows, and deep, labored breathing. At length he turned over, and said, huskily—

"Fanny!"

"Well," said Fanny, going on with her combing and brushing.

"You won't go out to-morrow?"

"Won't I? That's all you know about it, then."

"It's my wish you should stay!"

"And it's my wish to go."

"Then you will go?"

"Most decidedly. And now, Mr. Vaughan, hold your tongue, for I'm going to sleep."

He clenched his teeth with impotent rage, and his jealous soul shone forth hideously from his glittering eyes. And, angry and indignant, Mrs. Vaughan went to sleep, muttering—

"I vow to Cupid you shall have some cause for jealousy, my wise lord and master. Pity to have you jealous for nothing; so, handsome Captain Macdonald, look out, for I mean to flirt like fury!"

CHAPTER XIV.

And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain.
COLERIDGE.

That night of deepest woe to the passionate heart of Helena had been spent in pacing up and down her room, now hurling fierce, bitter maledictions on the head of him who had deceived her, and on this puny girl for whose sake she had been thrown aside; then in breathing wild, passionate vows of vengeance for the wrong, the deep humiliation that had been done her, and anon throwing herself upon the floor in a convulsive fit of weeping. Then another mood would come, when she would forget all but the blissful days of the past, and all her despised love and tenderness would flood back to her soul, and her very heart would cry out to be with him again. And then would come the thought that this could never, never be again; and she would spring up with blazing eyes, her very tears seemingly turned to sparks of fire.

And mingled with all these stormy passions was an undercurrent of deepest shame, of bitter humiliation, of wounded self-love, and humbled pride. That she, the descendant of a haughty Highland clan, the daughter of a princely race, should be forgotten for one so far beneath her in every way, was a disgrace that sent the blood tingling to her pale cheeks, and made her clench her hands in impotent despair.

So passed the night. With morning came a calmer mood. The necessity of adopting some line of conduct that would bring matters to a speedy *denouement* soothed for the time her frenzied brain. No one must know as yet of her desertion. She felt as though she could die sooner than survive the shame of such a discovery. Neither could she stay on the island. Her time for meeting her betrayer had not come; but it was at hand, and then— The flame that leaped like forked lightning from her black eyes, the deep smile that curled her lips, better than words spoke the rest.

Leaning her head on her hand, she thought intently. She would return to the parsonage, and remain there until her future course was decided upon. She could easily feign some plausible pretext for leaving the island, and good Mrs. M'Calmont, she knew, would be but too happy to have her.

And in pursuance of this resolution, she went early the following morning back to Glenleith.

Mrs. M'Calmont, as Helena anticipated, met her with a joyful welcome, and announced her resolution of giving a party, a few evenings after, in her welcome. Helena, in her present state of mind, would have shrunk from appearing in public, but as she could not do so without offending and surprising her hostess, and perhaps arousing her suspicions, she made no resistance to the plan.

"And you know, my dear," said Mrs. M'Calmont, "now that you are an heiress, it is time that you should come out. Next winter you must go to London and spend the gay season there, for, of course, you are quite too young to think of being married yet. I do not believe, for my part, in this new fashion of marrying girls before they are out of their bibs and tuckers, and having them settle down into old women before they are five and twenty. So, my dear, just politely inform Mr. Clinton that he must wait your ladyship's sovereign pleasure, and if he rebels, as of course he will, give him to understand he is not your lord and master yet, and you intend doing as you please. Men need to be put down, you know, my dear; it does them good, and takes the nonsense out of them."

And Mrs. M'Calmont laughed her jolly little laugh.

Helena averted her head, to conceal the deadly paleness of her face.

"And now, Helena," continued the good old lady. "I want you to go with me to the island. Malcolm has told me of a lady and gentleman who were saved from the wreck, and are stopping at that cottage, and I wish to invite them here to-morrow. So go and get ready."

"Mrs. M'Calmont, excuse me, I had rather not go," said Helena, still keeping her face averted.

"Not go! What now, Mistress Helena? This is, certainly, something new," said the astonished old lady.

"I have a headache, and would prefer lying down," said Helena, without turning round.

"Oh, in that case I suppose I must go alone. I'll send Jane up with some vinegar to bathe your head before I go," said the unsuspecting lady of the mansion, as she left the room to dress for her journey.

Captain Macdonald, who was waiting for her on the shore, accompanied her to Mrs. Ben's, and presented her to pretty little Mrs. Vaughan, who took captive almost instantly the good lady's heart, as she did that of most other people, and promptly accepted the invitation, to the manifest annoyance of her husband.

Mr. Vaughan, though still quite weak and ailing, resolved also upon going, to watch his wife, under the conviction that her sole intent and purpose in going was to meet Captain Macdonald.

And Herbert Clinton, who was present, likewise received and accepted her invitation. What his motive in going could be, knowing Helena would be there, it would be hard to divine.

The evening for the party came, and at an early hour the drawing-room of the parsonage was all ablaze with lights. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the door, and bevy after bevy of fair ladies, elegantly dressed, flocked, like bright-plumaged birds, through the brilliant rooms, and carried on gay flirtations with their friends in broadcloth.

Mrs. M'Calmont, magnificent in black velvet, stood near the door to receive her guests. But every eye was fixed wonderingly, admiringly on Helena, who moved with the step of an empress through the throng.

Surpassingly beautiful she looked, with her crisp, shining curls of jet, shading on either side the burning crimson cheeks, her splendid Syrian eyes emitting a vivid streaming light, her rich dark robe of sheeny satin falling with classic elegance from her rounded waist; but the light in her eye was the fire of fever—the glow on her cheek the blaze of excitement, for the hour she had waited for was come, and Herbert Clinton would stand arraigned before her that night.

Mrs. Vaughan, bright, piquant, bewitching, divided the honors and admiration of the evening with Helena. Her husband, pale, ghastly, haggard with illness, and suffering the tortures of a mind diseased, moved like a spectre, silent, gloomy, and watchful, through the merry throng. And Captain Macdonald, elated, handsome, and courteous, was there, too, the recipient of many a bewitching glance from the bright eyes present.

The company were all assembled, chatting, laughing, flirting, all but one. Helena stood in the midst of a gay group, the "bright particular star" of the evening, carrying on a spirited conversation, but ever and anon her eyes would wander to the door with fierce impatience. Why did he not come?

Charles Vaughan, standing gloomily by himself, was enduring the torments of a lost soul. His wife, knowing he was unequal to the effort, had endeavored to persuade him to stay; but this he ascribed to the wish of being alone with Captain Macdonald. Then she offered to remain with him, and this, also, he refused, thinking, with strange self-torture, some evil design lay beneath. He would come—he would watch her; and Mrs. Vaughan's high spirit arose, and she proudly and angrily resolved to act just as she pleased, and flirt just as desperately as ever she could. She had told him she did not love him—she had gone in defiance of his express command, in company with Captain Macdonald, walking through the island, and from this slight foundation Mr. Vaughan judged his wife had fallen in love with Captain Macdonald. Where his wife was concerned, the man was a monomaniac.

And now he saw them before him, she leaning on his arm, her head bent, as with downcast eyes and smiling lips she listened to his low words. He gnashed his teeth, and glared upon them like a madman. At that moment, his face was like that of a demon.

There was no dancing. Mr. M'Calmont was a clergyman, and did not approve of it, but there was music. As if to excite his jealous soul to madness, Captain Macdonald led Fanny to the piano, and hung over her, while she glanced slyly at him from under her long locks, and sang: "Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own," as though every word was meant for him alone.

Loud and long was the applause which followed. And then Captain Macdonald led her to a seat, and took another beside her, and their low conversation was resumed.

Full of jealous rage, the self-tortured Vaughan watched them, until, at the end of an hour or so, he saw Captain Macdonald rise, and leave her alone for a moment. Then going over, and seeing all were too much engaged by some one who was singing, to notice him, he grasped her fiercely by the arm, saying, in a hoarse whisper—

"Madam, do you mean to drive me mad?"

"No need, you're that already," said Mrs. Vaughan, startled out of a revery she had fallen into, but instantly remembering to be provoking.

"By heavens! I shall make you repent this conduct."

"Hush-sh, you must'nt speak so loud, my dear."

"Mrs. Vaughan, will you tell me what you mean by permitting the attentions of this puppy," he said, clenching his teeth, to keep down his passion.

"Puppy! I'm surprised at your want of taste, Mr. Vaughan. He's as handsome as Apollo."

"Ah-ah!"

It was like a groan from a sepulchre, that deep, hollow aspiration from his labored chest. He looked really a pitiable object, as he sat there, white, ghastly, and rigid. It touched with remorse his wife's heart, and laying her hand on his arm, she said, more seriously—

"Charles, don't be absurd! Positively, you are as jealous as a Turk! I wish to goodness you wouldn't make yourself ridiculous this way."

"Fanny, come away!"

"Come away! Where?"

"Out of this—any place—to the island again."

"Nonsense, Mr. Vaughan!—what an idea! I haven't the slightest intention of going away these two hours! It's very pleasant here!"

"I am miserable in it!"

"That's because, like little Jack Horner, you 'sit in the corner,' instead of mingling with the rest. I've seen some of the people looking at you as if they thought you were crazy."

"I shall be if you continue this conduct much longer."

No one could look in his pale, haggard face, and doubt the truth of his words. But Mrs. Vaughan lost all patience.

"What, in the name of all the saints, have I done?" she burst out, angrily. "My own husband sits up like a living automaton in a dark corner, and pays me no more attention than if there wasn't such a pretty little person as Mrs. Vaughan in existence; and because another gentleman, who has better taste, and doesn't wish to see me pining to death in solitude, pays me a few trifling attentions, here you come, making as much fuss as if I was going to elope with him to-morrow. I declare I will, too, if you don't let me alone."

"You will!"

And the hollow eyes glared like those of a maniac. Even the taunting little wife quailed before it.

"Ugh! 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' What a look that was! Really, Mr. Vaughan, you are a ghoul, a vampire, a Vandal, a Goth. You'll scare the life out of me some day, if you don't take care. I wish to mercy you could be a little more reasonable, and not make such a goose of yourself," said Mrs. Vaughan, edging away from him.

"Take care, madam! It is not safe to trifle with me."

"Well, who in the name of mercy is trifling with you? Not me, I'm sure. And now, Mr. Vaughan, here comes Captain Macdonald; and do, for goodness sake, drop this subject, and don't make a laughing-stock of yourself, and me too. What under the sun would the man think if he heard you?"

"Do not fear, Mrs. Vaughan; I will not interrupt your conversation with the gallant captain," said her husband, rising, with a ghastly smile. "I leave you to his care, satisfied that you will make the best possible use of your time."

"That I will," said his irritated spouse, turning her back indignantly to him, and greeting Captain Macdonald with a smile.

Thus in that scene of gayety there were at least two tempest-tossed, jealous, passionate hearts—Charles Vaughan and Helena Macdonald.

All the evening she had watched the door with burning, feverish impatience. Why, oh, why, did he not come?

Her heart was swelling, throbbing, as if it would escape from its frail tenement; she was growing wild, mad with impatience and excitement. And yet, in spite of all her watching, he had entered unobserved by her.

At last wrought up to an uncontrollable pitch of excitement that was beginning to betray itself in every feverish action, she fled from the crowd that surrounded her, only anxious to be alone—feeling half crazed with her throbbing head and brow. A conservatory, cool, shady, and deserted, was near. Hither she went; and pushing open the door, entered. A man stood revealed under the light of the chandelier. With a suppressed cry of mingled surprise and fierce joy she stepped back, and Helena and her false lover stood face to face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISS NILSSON'S WEDDING PRESENTS.

Our lady readers may have a little curiosity to know something about the presents that were made to Miss Nilsson at her wedding. They are thus mentioned in the London Court Journal:—A gold bracelet, set with pink coral and diamonds, from her royal highness the Princess of Wales; locket, set with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, from Lady Dashwood; gold and enameled locket, set with diamonds, from Lady Calthorpe; silver tea-service, from Baroness Lionel de Rothschild; three chased silver tea-canisters, from Lord and Lady Londesborough; engraved silver dessert centre-piece, from Baron Leopold de Rothschild; silver gilt bread-basket, from Baron Alfred de Rothschild; silver-mounted looking-glass, from Sir Samuel Hayes; large silver soup tureen and ladle, from Baroness Wilby de Rothschild; marble and ormolu bound jewel-case, from Dr. and Mrs. Doremus; pair of very large silver three-branch girandoles, from Mrs. Lyne Stephens; pair of silver candlesticks, from Dowager Countess of Essex; twelve silver gilt "apostle" dessert-spoons, Mlle. Tietjens; gold necklace and locket, set with coral and diamonds, from Duc de Frais; travelling clock, from Miss Jessica Cavendish Bentinck; silver tea-pot, sugar basin, and milk jug, from Mr. Pyke; black pearl ring, from Miss Gerard. Among the many beautiful presents received by Mlle. Nilsson from different members of the aristocracy and other friends were some very unique costly works of ornamental art and bijouterie executed by Messrs. Howell and James. Mr. Streeter, the eminent jeweller of Conduit street, Bond street, was intrusted with the manufacture of the nine handsome and costly lockets worn by the bridesmaids and other members of the bridal party. Seven of the lockets are set with rubies and diamonds, forming in a design of her own the monogram of the fair prima donna. All are machine-made, and in accordance with Mr. Streeter's fixed principle of 18 carat gold. Mr. Streeter had also the honor of supplying a costly necklace, a present to the bride, composed of three rows of Oriental pearls, representing a monetary value of £1000. The wedding-cake was supplied by Mr. Bolland, of Chester. The cake was richly ornamented with musical trophies, and on the top was a harp composed of real pearls. It is not generally known that M. Rouzaud first met Mlle. Nilsson in Paris when she took music lessons of M. Collinet. M. Rouzaud, as a lover of music, took pleasure in being one of M. Collinet's social circle. Both Mons. R. and Miss N. were then comparative nobodies, and when they were thus obscure they made up their minds to marry each other. Now they have taken a splendid mansion in the Champs Elysées—the same where Patti passed her honeymoon. Her father-in-law, M. Rouzaud, who is a colonial merchant, has, in honor of his son's marriage, given a sumptuous dinner to his clerks, and placed in each of their napkins a bank-note for 1000 francs.

A MIDDLE-AGED LOVE-STORY.

They had come, a little group of friendly faces, to watch me off, with waving handkerchiefs and kindly good-byes; and I stood on the stern of the vessel, nodding and waving back, till the steamer swept down the river out of their sight.

I knew I should have their prayers that the great sea might be gentle with me; I knew they would watch the weather, and look for the telegram of the arrival of our ship; yet I knew I was taking nothing from their lives, and that they each would go home hardly missing me; so it was with no great wrench of heart that I saw the pilot put off from us, and took the last look at my native shores.

During most of the passage I was just comfortably sea-sick, so I sat all day long in a reclining-chair on deck, watching the white caps on the purple and green and blue waves that mounted and fell, down and up, up and down, away out to the far horizon. I saw the shining nautiluses float by, and now and then a whale or a shoal of porpoises, or a sail speeding white and full across the water.

I saw also a good many other things nearer by, for I didn't put my eyes in my pocket along with my short-sighted glasses; and nobody was very likely to mind a middle-aged woman in hood and water-proof.

The first thing I saw was a young girl with dark eyes and brown hair, that rippled itself into a tangle of rough curls whenever she took off her net. She was not so very pretty, nor so very brilliant, but there was a piquant charm about her that attracted half the passengers before the first day was over. By the end of the second day, everybody, from the captain to the ship's surgeon, and from the surgeon to the cabin-boy, was eager to show her attention; and everybody was met by the same genial smile and lively retort.

She won her way at once into my heart by the kindly thought that led her to bring little relishes from the table to tempt my sickly appetite, and to soothe my forehead with bay-water and gentle touches of her shapely brown hands, where a great emerald glittered, encircled by diamonds. Very soon she got into the habit of drawing her rug beside my chair, and sitting on the deck leaning against me, so that I might "pet her," as she said.

This was how it happened that my quiet, out-of-the-way corner came to be the centre of the life, and gayety, and romance of the whole shipboard.

It seemed this young girl, Rosa Armour, was an only child, and an orphan, going to an uncle in Germany, her nearest of kin.

"Dear heart! I hope her uncle will be wise as well as loving," said I to myself very often, for she seemed too fragile a bubble of humanity to drift on through life alone.

The tips of her brown curls were lighter than the rest, and here and there were little bright touches all over her hair, as though the sun was shining in spots on it. One morning I sat coiling these gleams of sunshine around my fingers, and watching a flock of Mother Carey's chickens skim restlessly over the restless water, thinking these thoughts about Rosa, and having her soft presence alone to myself for a few moments. Not many, however; soon up came a New Zealander—of course there was a New Zealander or an Australian on our boat.

"You are very lowly, Miss Armour," said he; "let me bring you a chair."

"Thank you; I prefer to sit here on my rug, and have Miss Wells pet me," replied Rosa, turning up her eyes languidly. "The deck is my favorite seat, if I can only have an excuse to sit on it."

"But you need something over you," persisted the New Zealander, going away, and coming back directly with his own heavy gray wrap. Then he seated himself on a low camp-stool beside her, folding the wrap over the two. "I never saw so rough a sea as this all the way from Honolulu to San Francisco," said he, looking out upon the gentle swell of the lazily mounting waves.

"Rough!" cried Miss Armour; "I am sure the ocean is as smooth as a mill-pond!"

"Oh, but not as compared to the Pacific—peaceful—it was rightly named. We have never such gales on that as sweep the Atlantic, but only the gentlest westerly breezes." The New Zealander shivered as he spoke, and drew his wrap closer over his knees. "We have the most charming climate in New Zealand," he went on; "we are never too hot, and never too cold. In fact, we never think of the weather. And the soil is the most fertile in the world."

"Pity it is in such an out-of-the-way part of the earth, that nobody can live there," said Miss Armour.

"Beg your pardon, miss; there are several English towns of thirty thousand inhabitants each; and we never think of ourselves as being out of the way, but rather feel sorry for those who live so far off," returned the other, bending his tall figure earnestly forward.

Rosa leaned her pretty head toward him in a confiding attitude of interest, and laughed: "Oh, so you are the people, and wisdom is going to die with you!" said she. "But what do you do out there in the heart of the universe?"

"We dig gold for one thing, and raise sheep for another—millions and millions of them; from thirty to forty vessels are constantly plying to England with the tallow and pressed wool."

"What do you do with all that mutton?" asked Rosa, looking idly at the light in her ring, and then as idly at the light in the speaker's eyes.

"We use what we can," was the reply; "and sometimes, I am sorry to say, we bury the flesh—not usually; but sometimes an order will come to one farmer for a thousand sheep, if you please, and all he can do is to slip off the wool, get out the fat, and bury the carcasses."

"What a pity the meat can't be sent to the hungry poor at home! Why don't somebody condense it as they do the beef in Texas?" I said in my practical way.

"In good time I daresay somebody will, but we can't do everything at once," replied the New Zealander, looking with sudden interest at the game of shuffle-board being played beside us.

Just then along came the ship's surgeon, a blonde youth in uniform, with his hair parted in the middle.

"Miss Armour," said he, "the gun is to fired at the bow: will you come and see it done?"

Miss Armour started up at once, turning the same half-confiding glance and ready smile upon him she had been giving us.

"I am going to leave my rug with you; I shall come back," said she, beaming over her shoulder upon me as she took the surgeon's arm and went away.

The New Zealander looked after her, tried to console himself by drawing his wrap in another fold across his knees, did not succeed, and finally got up and went away. Of course it was not worth his while to make himself agreeable to a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof. So I sat and looked at the likeness of a lake among the sunset clouds, and tried to decide whether I had better take oatmeal gruel or biscuit-tea for my supper; wondering the while, half unconsciously, about the old chord in my memory that was always being struck by a certain musical ring in the New Zealander's voice.

After an hour or so, the gun was fired, and presently Miss Armour came back with the disorder of the strong sea-wind in her hair, and its freshness in her pretty pink cheeks.

"I've come as I said," she murmured, dropping at my feet again, and smiling up, as though she had got where she best loved to be—just such a smile as she would have given to the stokers down in the engine-room, or to the ship's cat. But it was lovely to look upon while it lasted, and we middle-aged people have learned to warm ourselves in any chance ray of sunlight, without stopping to consider whether it is likely to be perpetual.

This time the bit of sunshine did not stay long, for there came up an artist with his sketch-book; and when Miss Armour had sufficiently admired his graphic pencilings of the captain and the quartermaster, and the sea-sick occupant of an upper berth, it was time to throw the log, and so he bore her off to find out by her own eyes whether we were actually going at the rate of thirteen knots, or only twelve and a half.

That was how the days went. The passengers read and paced the deck, played games and guessed riddles, and were always hungry; the pilot stood steady and firm at the wheel; the sailors ran up and down about the rigging like overgrown spiders, and were forever scouring and scrubbing, tying and untying, drawing up and letting down. Thus at last we had come safely almost to our desired haven. With fair sailing, we were only one day out from port; and fond as we had grown to be of each other, we were getting impatient to part.

Miss Armour, during all the voyage, had kept on as she began, beguiling every one with her trick of lip and eye. They ran after her like boys at the string of a kite. Well, they had nothing better to do just then; and when she had faded out, as a rainbow fades, I made no doubt she would be as easily forgotten, or only remembered as a midsummer's day-dream, by all, unless it might be a solitary warm-hearted man like the New Zealander. To tell the truth, I was a little sorry for him. Evidently, life had not brought him all it might, and he was hungry for the love and confidence that had never been his. So I was afraid he would miss this little sparkle of girlhood and warm youth, and find the void deeper when it had gone out.

To the very last day Rosa kept her place by my chair, and to the very last the New Zealander kept his place by her, when no one younger stepped in to carry her off; which was pretty often, to be sure. Then, he always quietly went away himself, with a kind of grave regret in his face. On this last morning, Miss Armour had just left us along with a young lawyer to drop oranges and lemons among the steerage passengers, when I noticed the New Zealander looking after her with a sadder regret than usual—almost a pain—in his eyes. He had such handsome dark eyes. I could see that without my glasses.

"Now," said I to myself, "I hope he isn't going to get soft, a sensible, gentlemanly, agreeable man like him, and quite old enough to be her father!" And so I looked at him to see if he was, when suddenly he turned upon me.

"At least you might have written, Agatha Wells!" said he, sharply.

I started, as you may think, to hear my own name spoken so familiarly by a stranger; when, looking again, behold, I saw beneath the bronze, and under the wrinkles and behind the beard, a face that twenty years before was the dearest in the world to me—the face of Duncan Ashley! We parted one day expecting to meet on the next, but that evening he was called away, and wrote instead of coming. In the letter he said what he had said before with his eyes—yes, those same beautiful eyes—that I was the choice of his heart and the desire of his life.

"Answer me," said he; "I cannot wait till I see you."

So I answered—a long foolish letter, though there was no need of writing; for he had read all I could say long before, with those eyes of his. Then I watched and waited for him, but never saw him nor heard one word more. If you are young, you can imagine the slow dying-out of hope and expectation; and if you are old, you know how such things can be lived over and hidden in secret graves.

But now, as though the graves had been opened and the judgment set, came this sudden reproachful question up from the buried past. I fairly caught my breath, as I turned back my eyes and looked him in the face again.

"Forgive me," said he directly, in a gentler tone. "I did not mean to speak; you brought it out with your eyes; that questioning turn was so familiar. Of course you were quite right, and I never blamed you. I never meant you should see me again, but the temptation to feel myself beside you, only to be in the soothing charm of your presence, was too great. It has been a blessing I shall carry with me all the rest of my life."

He was rising to go away, but I put out my hand. "I did write, Duncan Ashley," said I; "the letter must have gone wrong."

"You did!—you wrote!" he cried, sinking back in his chair again, and looking at me eagerly. "What did you say?"

"There was only one thing I could say, and I said that," I answered, blushing, as though I had just written the letter.

A middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof! But, dear me! it was only my face that was middle-aged, after all; my heart was as young and silly as ever. And as for Duncan's face, the marks of care, and thought, and time fell off, leaving in it only the eternal youth of love.

It was the old story of a lost letter, and the older story of a proud man, believing himself rejected and humiliated, and fleeing to the ends of the earth with his pain.

"Twenty precious years wasted!" said my New Zealander. "We will not be separated another day while we both live. There is a clergyman among our passengers, and we will be married this very hour."

That was so like his headlong decisions! Certainly he did need a sober second-thought like me for ballast.

"That cannot be," I cried; "the ceremony wouldn't be legal without a license or something. And I would by no means do anything so sensational and conspicuous."

But, bless your heart! I might as well have tried to wipe up the Atlantic with my pocket-handkerchief. He was so grieved, and so impatient, and so resolute (and, indeed, when one comes to think of it, twenty years *is* long enough for an engagement,) that I finally dropped off my waterproof and my sea-sickness, and stood up behind the binnacle, and was married before eight bells that very morning—ring and all. Duncan produced it from a small casket, where he had carried it in his waistcoat pocket for the whole twenty years.

"I could never bear to put the little thing away," said he, looking at it tenderly.

The next day we came to port, with the sun shining and our flags flying. There was a flurry of good-byes, a hoisting of trunks, a welcoming of friends on the shore, and a glad hurrying to and fro.

Among the rest was an instant's nestling of Miss Armour's lips on my cheek, and a little cling of her hand in mine, the vanishing of a smile, and she was gone like the flash of a fire-fly, out of my sight for ever. But wherever she is, and however she fares, she has the daily blessing of two middle-aged hearts, whose way to each other she unconsciously lighted.

☞ Jenny Lind, Clara Louise Kellogg, Nilsson, Lucca, Patti, and Parepa, all sat in a London audience recently.

☞ Barnum's gorilla was heard to remark, one hot day, that "he'd be hanged if he'd wear a hair overcoat much longer this hot weather for $10 a week."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Marine Disasters.—Three sad marine disasters must be chronicled in our columns this week. The Metis, sunk by collision, off the coast of Rhode Island; the Bienville, burned at sea, on her voyage from New York to Aspinwall, and the steamship America of the Pacific Mail Company's line, destroyed by fire at Yokohama on the night of August 24th. The first two disasters both occurred in the morning, just before daylight, when all the passengers were asleep, and whilst those on board the Metis had barely a half hour to prepare for the final catastrophe and were in a raging storm at the time, the people on the Bienville were not compelled to leave the vessel for about sixteen hours. In the former all appears to have been fright and insubordination, whilst in the latter everything was conducted with order and regularity. There are grave charges made against the proprietors of the Metis, for not having her properly provided with life-saving apparatus, and at least some of her crew seem to have taken care of themselves without caring anything for the passengers. The Treasury Department has very properly ordered the disaster officially investigated. Captain Maury, of the Bienville, saw his entire charge safely in the boats, before leaving the vessel, and although two of the boats were swamped and from sixteen to nineteen persons drowned, it is probable that no human foresight could have prevented it. One of the Bienville's boats has not yet been heard from, and it is supposed to have been picked up by a passing vessel. The survivors of this disaster sailed 150 miles to Eleuthera Island, and went thence to Nassau. The Bienville had 129 persons on board, of whom 16 to 19 are known to be lost, whilst the others, excepting those in the missing boat, are known to be saved. Out of the 163 persons on board the Metis, 141 are alive, and the bodies of the remaining 22 have been found. The crew of the America were saved. Hong Kong treasure to the amount of $100,000 was lost. The vessel was built in 1869, and valued at $1,000,000.

The Straight-out Convention.—The National Straight-out Convention, September 4, nominated Charles O'Conor, of New York, for President, and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, for Vice President. The vote for President was 600 for O'Conor to 4 for Pendleton; and for Vice President 598 for Adams to 6 for Edgarton. Resolutions were adopted strongly expressing the principle of State rights, and repudiating the platform and nominees of the Baltimore Convention. In the afternoon session of the Convention the Chairman announced that he had received a despatch from Mr. O'Conor, declining the nomination. At the next day's session a telegram was read from John Quincy Adams stating that he would serve as Vice President with Mr. O'Conor, but would accept nothing else, and that Mr. O'Conor must positively stand. A resolution was then adopted by a vote of 544 to 30 declaring that the Convention having unanimously nominated O'Conor for President and Adams for Vice President were unwilling to make other nominations, and would give them in any event their undivided support. The Convention soon after adjourned *sine die*. Mr. O'Conor's declination is positive, but the committee appointed to notify him of his nomination think they may induce him to reconsider his determination and accept.

Burning of Canterbury Cathedral.—That venerable edifice, Canterbury Cathedral, was seriously injured by fire on the morning of September 3. The fire originated from the accidental upsetting of a charcoal furnace, which was being used by some workmen who were repairing the lead roof of the Cathedral. In an hour or two, however, the flames were completely extinguished, and the regular religious services were held that day. It has been the habit for the past three hundred years to hold religious services in the Cathedral daily, and this custom was not broken by the fire.

The Cathedral, both on account of its great architectural beauty and its historical associations, possesses many attractions. It was founded by Archbishop Lanfranc, in the reign of William the Conqueror, being built on the site of the first Christian church built in Saxon England, by St. Augustin; and was consecrated in the year 1130, in presence of Henry I., William's son. Many alterations and additions were subsequently made, so that the building presents specimens of every style of English architecture, from the heavy Norman to the decorated and perpendicular, with their elaborate wealth of delicate tracery. The building is in the form of a double cross, with a central tower two hundred and thirty-five feet high, and two smaller towers at the western end. It contains many windows of painted glass, of which the great western window is celebrated for the richness of the coloring. Among the numerous interesting monuments in the Cathedral are the tombs of Henry III. and Edward, the Black Prince. The magnificent shrine of Thomas A'Becket, which at one time attracted pilgrims from all parts of England, has entirely disappeared. This famous archbishop was murdered on the steps of the altar in 1170, and from the time of his death to that of the Reformation his shrine was visited by crowds of pilgrims, whose presents were a valuable source of clerical revenue. At the Reformation the shrine was destroyed, and the saint's name erased from the calender. The quaint, old-fashioned City of Canterbury, the see of the archbishop, the primate of England, is situated among the wheat fields and hop gardens of Kent, about fifty-five miles distant in a south-easterly direction from London.

A Present for Stanley.—Queen Victoria believes firmly that Mr. Stanley's statements are true. The following letter, together with a magnificent snuff-box set with brilliants, has been received by him:

Foreign Office, August 27.—Sir—I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the Queen, her Majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening communication with Dr. Livingstone, and relieving her Majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller. The Queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with her Majesty's congratulations for your having so successfully carried out the mission you so fearlessly undertook. Her Majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the memorial which accompanies this letter.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
Granville.

To H. M. Stanley, Esq.

The well-known Father Hyacinthe was married in London, Sep. 4, to an American lady, Emilie Jane Merriman, widow of Edward Ruthven Merriman. The lady is known in Paris as one of Pere Hyacinthe's converts. Dean and Lady Stanley, and other distinguished persons, were present.

The brother of Dr. Livingstone, living in Canada, has been "interviewed" relative to the genuineness of the Livingstone letters. He says that he has not the least doubt that the letter received by him was in his brother's handwriting, and explains certain curious expressions in the doctor's letters by saying that the explorer was always fond of indulging in humorous and quaint sayings.

Corrected returns of the election in Wilmington, Del., give Simms, Democratic candidate for Mayor, 72 majority. The City Council stands 12 Republicans to 9 Democrats.

Returns from Vermont indicate a Republican majority of 26,000. The State Senate is unanimously Republican, and the House "ten to one Republican."

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. ECKFORD.

At Philadelphia, August 31, the Athletic played a game with the reconstructed Eckford nine. The game was brought to a close before the ninth inning was completed, by reason of the Eckford retiring from the field in consequence of dissatisfaction with a decision of the umpire.

The score was as follows:

Athletic	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	—6
Eckford	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	—5

MUTUAL VS. BOSTON.

At Boston, August 31, the Boston defeated the Mutual by the following score:

Mutual	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0—2
Boston	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—4

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUAL.

At Philadelphia, September 2, the Athletic defeated the Mutual by the following score:

Athletic	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	1	0—5
Mutual	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0—4

BOSTON VS. ATHLETIC.

At Boston, September 5, the Boston defeated the Athletic by the following score:

Athletic	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0—4
Boston	5	4	0	3	1	0	2	2	0—16

BALTIMORE VS. ATLANTIC.

At Baltimore, September 5, the Baltimore defeated the Atlantic by the following score:

Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2
Baltimore	1	1	2	0	0	2	4	0	0—10

SELF-MADE MEN.

Is there not a good deal of nonsense in much of the talk we hear in all quarters about "self-made men?" All men are self-made, if made at all. There is no royal road to learning, or to any durable greatness or distinction. Patient long-continued application is the only process which will produce a scholar; and it really makes less difference than is supposed whether a man devotes himself to individual culture outside or inside the walls of a college. What is called a "liberal education," that is, a college course, advantages a man only when industry and energy have made it thorough, and the faculty of adaptation has made it practical.

In this country where the rudiments of education are within the reach of all, where books are cheap and every path is open, talent and industry united cannot fail to command success.

There really seems no special merit in being self-made when men can make themselves so easily. Yet the expression "he is a self-made man," is constantly used in palliation of all sorts of deficiencies and imperfections.

A great many of our self-made men seem to have been left unfinished, as if the work had been done by some of nature's journeymen, and not done well. In fact, many men rather appear to pride themselves on being a little in the rough, as if the mind lost power by culture. Does a block of marble lose strength by being polished?

Many able and powerful men have lacked culture; but the lack took from, it did not add to the power.

David Crockett was a man, perhaps, of as marked and powerful an individuality as Daniel Webster; but the influence of the latter—a really self-made man, by the way—was of such incalculably greater force and reach simply because of culture. The finished eloquence of a Coquerel or a Chapin is more effective than the heavy, rude bolts of a Parson Brownlow or a Peter Cartwright. These rough specimens may be very well in their way, but they are bad models for imitation.

The American young man who aims at distinction may easily be too *fine*, but it is not possible for him to be too *finished*. In this country the man who claims to be *self-made*, should not make that his excuse for not being *well-made*.—*Easton Express*.

Eli Perkins on Economical Girls—Gus Finds an Economical Girl.

Congress Hall, my old statistician, says there are just four of those beautiful sage-green dresses in Saratoga. Three, he says, are worn by very stylish young ladies and one is worn by an old lady who has no business to be wearing it. Every time he sees one of those beautiful dresses he goes into an ecstasy of delight. He rubs his hands and says, "there comes the agony of Paris—$400, if it's a cent!"

When we look up, it is a sage-green.

Yesterday one of the beautiful young ladies who wears a sage-green took a ride over to the lake with my friend Gus. Gus has got good blood in him, but he ain't very "stampy." He always takes to expensive girls, and after getting interested in them they talk such expensive talk about camel's hairs, velvet suits and trips to Europe, that poor Gus gets frightened off. He comes up to my room and says he don't believe there is a girl in New York who don't cost her father $3000 a year just for nice clothes. Then he buries his face in his hands, and says: "Oh dear, there is no chance for a poor fellow on $500 a year."

Yesterday Gus came into my room, looking bright and happy. His eyes fairly shone with the ecstacy of a blissful emotion.

"What is it, Gus?" I asked.

"I've found her; she's here!" and then he stopped to catch his breath.

"Who's here?" I asked, thinking perhaps that Mrs. Woodhull or Susan B. Anthony had arrived.

"Why, the girl that I have been looking for—sweet, young, stylish—and not expensive!"

"Lightning, Gus!" said I, putting on my glasses, "I'd like to see such a girl myself. Where is she?"

"We just come in from a ride—she's down in the parlor—a regular stunner, in sage-green, and so economical!"

"Sage-green—sage-g-r-e-e-n," I muttered to myself, thinking of the $400 I saw a young lady pay for just such a dress; "how do you know she isn't expensive. How do you—?"

"Why, confound it!" broke in Gus, "I know it. I've been talking to her for three hours. She talked very economical, just like a sensible girl."

"What did she say?" I continued.

"Why, she said, she was looking for a true man, a man brave and generous, with love in his heart, and with such a man she said she could be happy in a garret. Yes, she said she could be happy in a garret with the man she loved. Ha! ha!" and Gus whirled round twice and kicked the crown out of my best Dunlap hat in the excess of his mirth.

* * * * *

I made Gus take me right down for an introduction to his economical friend, and then I let him go off to change his coat for dinner.

Miss D. was pretty and stylish, too. She had on a love of a $75 hat, and those pretty $18 laced gaiters which the man makes under the Coleman House. Her dress was the richest grus-grain sage-green, with panier, watteau, polonaise and a court train. It contained exactly 176 yards of $9 silk. On her pretty hands were six-button gaslight green kids, which lost themselves under point lace undersleeves and over diamond bracelets. On her arm she carried a $1,500 camel's hair shawl.

"This is mother's, Mr. Perkins," she remarked. "I took it in case of a rain. I don't expect to have camel's hair and regular diamonds until I'm married. Mother's last words when I left home were, 'Now, Lizzie, don't be introduced to any foreigners or lose your jewelry.'"

"Couldn't you be happy after you are married, without camel's hair and diamonds?" I asked, taking her $75 pearl and point lace fan, and looking down at her point lace underskirt.

"Why, I hadn't thought much about it. That's just what your friend Motley and I were talking about. And such a nice long talk—"

"Then you and Gus have been discussing the love-in-a-cottage idea, have you?" I interrupted.

"Yes, that was it; and he's so nice—"

"And didn't you say that you could live in a garret with a brave, handsome man, whom you loved dearly?"

"Yes, I did say that. I don't care if I do blush. I said I could live happily in a garret with the man I loved—and I could—if—we could have a nice elevator and have our meals sent in from Delmonico's. Why, those Paran Stevens $6,000 garret suits are just as cosey as they can be!"

* * * * *

This, alas! was the economical sweetness of my friend Gus, who could live in a $6,000 garret with the man she loved. These are the economical young ladies who come to Saratoga and deceive us poor fellows—who talk garret, get our solitaires, and then come the elevator and lunch from Delmonico dodges on us. These, alas! are the young ladies who gain our honest love just to steal our money for $400 sage-green dresses with watteaus and polonaises all cut on the bias, or sell us. These are the dear creatures whom magnanimous fathers generously give away to us—saying, "Take her, Adolphus, and be happy—alas! if you can!"—*Saratoga in 1901.*

☞ The Brighton butchers call their shops meeting houses, but not beef-fittingly.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

CONVERSATION MINUS THE WEATHER.

As the subject of the weather has been almost monopolized by "Old Probabilities," Hearth and Home suggests a substitute to be used in conversation. Why should not arithmetical observations be used in place of those of a meteorological nature, so as to render unnecessary such time-worn and utterly useless remarks as—

"It is very hot this evening, miss."

"Yes, sir. I think it's hotter than it was this morning.

"I really believe it is; but it's not as hot as it was last night."

"If it is as hot to-morrow, I don't know what I shall do."

"But I don't think it is possible for it to be hotter than it was yesterday."

We have here something both novel and instructive to the mind. For instance, people of ordinary culture might thus converse:

"Good-morning, miss. Nine and eight make seventeen.

"Yes, sir, they do; and three from seventeen leave fourteen."

"And one more will make fifteen."

"Yes, sir; but seven into fifty-three is very difficult."

Or, if the parties have attained a higher grade in mathematical knowledge, we might have something like this:

"How do you do, madam? Six and seven-eighths added to four and a quarter make eleven and one-eighth."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Jones; and three and a ninth will not go evenly into fifteen."

"Certainly not; and eleven-twelfths of six will come within two and a half of being eight."

Now, would not such conversations be improvements in every way upon the succession of weather platitudes which have been so long in vogue? And shall we not be thankful to the Weather Bureau if it brings about the change?

A CONUNDRUM ANSWERED.

One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a woman will she will, you may depend on't, and when she won't she won't, and that's an end on't. This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day asked:

"W——, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed W——, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I go home."

"Mrs. W——," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up, but she didn't; she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose it's because you was born so."

W—— said that wasn't the right answer. He don't ask his wife conundrums any more however.

AN APOLOGY.

The gentle editor of a Western exchange makes the amende honorable in the following elaborate style: "There isa fly in our office; one particularly aggressive fly, distinguished from his brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that, if properly directed, are enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them, or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out, and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection, we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper, we called the Hon. Mr. —— 'an unprincipled demagogue;' we should have said 'a high-toned patriot.' It was all the fault of that fly. The brother of the Hon. Mr. —— came into our office this morning with a new and substantial-looking cane, and reminded us of the misprint."

A NEW HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE.

A party who proposes to publish a new Housekeeper's Guide, sends to the Boston Commercial Bulletin the following extracts from the forthcoming work:

Plain Sauce—An interview with a Saratoga hotel clerk.

To make a good jam—Ask any horse-car conductor.

To boil a tongue—Drink scalding coffee.

To make a good broil—Leave a letter from one of your old sweethearts where your wife can find it.

How to make an Indian loaf—Give him a gallon of whiskey.

How to make good puffs—Send the publisher fifty cents a line for them.

A plain loaf—A visit to the prairies.

How to make pi—Jostle the printer's elbow.

To "bone" a turkey—Take it when the poulterer is not looking.

To corn beef—Feed your cattle at a brewery.

How to select a foul—Ask the umpire of a base-ball match.

A plain stew—A trip in an old-fashioned street railway car on a warm day.

How to dress beats—A horsewhip is a good thing to dress beats with, especially if he be a dead-beat.

A RAILWAY ANECDOTE.

A too inquisitive passenger was, in the age of specie, asking a conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his fifty dollars a month. The answer was of the frankest.

"You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way passenger who pays us a quarter or a half a dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company.'

"But," persisted this investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails. What do you do then?"

"O," replied the conductor, with ineffable contempt, "then we *flip it up again!*"

So that passenger went home and sold out his railway shares. There is a great deal of flipping up done nowadays, not only by conductors, but by all other officers of railroads, from the President down. Railroads are managed, first, for the benefit of the officers; secondly, for the benefit of the directors; thirdly, for the benefit of the stockholders.

BIG FEET.

It is not always safe to joke, even with the benighted Celestials. A fine young lady of Portland, Oregon, on hearing from one of her Chinese domestics his determination to return to his native land, twitted him upon the subject of matrimony.

"Well, well! Ah Wam is going back to get a wife, I suppose?"

"Me? Yes."

"What sort of a girl is she?"

"Belly nice woman, nice woman!"

"Well, tell us, Ah Wam, is she one of the artistocratic sort—'A No. 1,' you know—nice girls who have such little wee feet?"

Ah Wam (very innocently)—"O no, no! O no! not little feet! great big feet! *all same yours!*"

AN AUGUST AFTERNOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MINNIE MAY.

Never were skies more blue, never foliage half so green,
Never did feathered songsters warble so well I ween.
Never were flowers so gay to be laid in their graves so soon,
As were skies and trees and birds and flowers that August afternoon.

I had murmured; my lot was hard, and Death had taken so much;
My life seemed so desolate, dreary; I resented the unkind touch!
But the earth was so beautiful, beautiful! down, with my face in the sod,
I lifted my heart to heaven, and offered my prayer to God.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 25.

The Supernatural Voice.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"I don't believe, Carnes, that it was a dream. My sensations startled me into perfect wakefulness, and the echo of the voices still lingered in the air."

"I know, Brace; I have experienced precisely similar emotions. Once, I remember, at Cranch's Flat, in 18—, I got a mighty scare. Dreamed about home, you know, a muddled-up mess—saw a funeral procession winding up to the little grove cemetery, and a voice wailed, 'Come, oh, come home.' I certainly was conscious of the wild, pleading cadence of the call after I was broad awake."

"And did nothing come of it?"

I hesitated a moment.

"My mother died that Fall," I said, feeling that I must answer.

"There! you see. I feel uneasy."

"But, Brace," I went on, "your fright is rather indefinite, and it would take you six months to double the Horn at this time of year."

"I know; give me a coal to light up my pipe. I sometimes wish an accommodating earthquake had crossed by the foot of the Sierras and set the Golden Peninsula afloat as an island of the Pacific before we had heard of the yellow metal."

"Oh, cheer up, Brace; smoke away. Some things happen after other things happen, and smack of pre-runners, but for all that my skepticism overrules my credulity."

Brace shook his head so decidedly, that had he been a mule his ears would have flapped, and he watched a whiff of smoke with a speculative eye, as it rose ballooning in the upper air.

We were scratching the dirt close upon the Sutter claim, and during our six months' labors had accumulated some ounces of the coveted dust, some gray hairs in our heads, and a small vocabulary of barbarisms of speech.

The foot-hills adjacent to our "dig-out" presented the counterpart of Babel in its diversity of confounded and confounding tongues.

There was exhibited the power "of might and *Maine*," and other New England States, the fiery southron—and, in fact, from whatsoever corner of Samuel's domains a fellow hailed from, he here found a fellow countryman. The Spanish-Mexican put in his appearance; the broad, short-eyed "Chinee" gave his *cue* to the Celestial empire, mingled with Erin-go-Bragh, and an occasional "Lo." It was a wild country and a wilder people. One could find many a problem to work up. Corn, coming up to this locality from Stockton in casks, properly constituted to be poured in streams from the bung-hole, caused boring of ears, drawing of blades, and the scattering of *kernels*, lieutenants, and rankmen. Rye also, properly fermented, brought bearded heads low, and cradled many a hopeful youth on the bosom of mother earth.

Sam Brace, or as he was generally known in camp—Shoulder Brace—was a gigantic fellow hailing from Vermont. He was as ungainly of figure as he was good of heart. There was a great deal of material in Brace, if he *hadn't* been made up in the fashion. He wore his gigantic shoulders rather too high up for style, but he had the arms of a Vulcan, and double jointed rubber legs that would leap the highest and come down the widest of those of any live man. Government didn't know Sam, or it would have employed his home-made compasses to run out bounty lands in the West. If I go on and tell you that Sam's nose was club-footed you will have but a poor description of him then. He made awful speeches—startling from their originality, but our camp liked him hugely.

Back again to the opening of the story. Dock's Camp, among the foot-hills a mile below us, had been visited by some daring robbers, and the labors of months had been borne away on two occasions, leaving the blankest surmises as to the method in which the outrage had been accomplished. You may be sure though that in that wild country, among that wild people, if the criminal were detected, it would be a short life and a merry one.

Sam had begun the conversation this evening with the remark:

"I say, Carnes, I am glad that the shoes ain't on my feet that belong to the fellow who's broke the commandment at Dock's Camp."

"Aye."

"He'll have a gymnastic exercise, with a dumb-bell performance in his ears at the close, if they catch him."

"But the idea strikes me that he's made off safe."

"If he has he'll come back—it'sa trick of the craft."

"It would be a hard thing if the wrong man should fall under suspicion, eh!"

Sam involuntarily loosened his shirt collar.

"A slip-knot's a devilish contrivance," said he, "I should rather have a bullet tunnel through my mump gland than to bring my shirt collar together with Judge Lynch's neck-tie."

I think Brace was homesick as he thought of the matter. However, we two, off a little by ourselves prospecting, smoked away with praiseworthy zeal, and watched the camp-fires twinkling down the slopes.

The robbery had occurred nearly two weeks before, and I don't know why we referred to it just then.

Somehow the referring to the danger that from vague suspicions only, might linger around our paths, had started us on a new train of thought, and sitting outside our canvas umbrella, alias tent, we took the air-line of memory home to the States. The night was too lovely to leave outside, and as we couldn't take it in we resolved to keep it company for awhile. Hours crept away while we maintained utter silence, and only the regular puffs of smoke betokened that we were not only awake, but also using the facial muscles to keep our pipes awake with us. But above, among the miners, and below among the miners, the whisky was shouting with laughter, and roaring with songs, and not unfrequently making muscular anatomy more lively than agreeable. This did not disturb Brace and myself just then; we had unaccountably ballooned above this strata of earthiness.

Suddenly and unexpectedly there came a strange yelp from the slopes below, followed by a howling shout.

Shoulder Brace shot up from his low seat like a jumping Jack.

"What is it?"

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

A FRAGMENT.

"Yes, Robert! But O! *do* look at the exquisite evening glow on yon distant hills! How solemn! ! How sublime! ! !"

"O! stunning. Well, *then* I measured the kitchen: twelve feet by twelve. That'll just do, won't it?"

"Hist," he growled. "Ah, hear! Now, God shrive the poor wretch."

"Brace, what do you mean?"

"Ah, ah, listen! Do you not hear? I know it—I know that sound. I've heard it in Oregon—in the far West—it's a human bloodhound yelp. They're on the trail of the robber—do you hear? If—if they do get him—I'm afraid—come on, I can't stay here."

Shoulder Brace was gone, using those rubber legs of his in a way that at another time would have convulsed me with laughter. As it was, I tore after him with that distractingly short-stepping gait that shakes the internal organs into jelly, while the regular thump, thump, thump, of his tongs sent him forward in a way that made my head swim.

The column of rough men momentarily lengthened, as squad after squad of miners, hearing the outcry, rushed out to know the cause, and no sooner knowing it, than they fell in line, each with a whoop and yelp of their own.

We caught a word here and a word there as we flew along with the others. A suspicious disappearance of a miner on the morning after the robbery had occasioned comment and suspicion, and his quiet, confused manner of return had confirmed all bad surmises.

"Here he is—he stole the gold! Catch him—weigh him on a tree-limb!" had been the horrible salutations that had greeted his return. For an instant only had he been stunned with horror; then with the one ejaculation, "God have mercy!" he had burst from the camp to the outside and dashed toward a ravine, which if he gained it, might afford him temporary shelter amid its cavernous rocks and scrubby trees.

"Who is it?" called out Brace, coming near the middle of the column.

"Ed Towle," some one replied.

Sam suddenly bent up nearly double, as if he had received a sudden blow in the stomach, and I thought that he was going to fall, but he straightened up again and ran forward. But the race was short; as those men continually starting up along the route helped to head the fugitive off and deaden his speed.

They seized the unfortunate wretch close by the mouth of the ravine.

"Get forward! get forward—they have got him," gasped Brace, again doubling up and holding his side with his hands. "Run, Carnes, run tell them—tell them to—to wait—wait 'till I come—I've got something—run, run!"

I did run with a full, realizing sense that my running was useless. What could one man say—how be heard amid a mob of hundreds; but I got there just as they had thrown him on his knees and a hasty knot was being taken in a coil of rope.

The victim, breathless and terrified, was yet struggling to speak and to free himself.

Heaven! what horrible joking was going on all around me.

"Free show!" shouted a rough.

"What's the live weight?" echoed a second.

"He'll collapse like a wet umbrella in just two minutes and a half," called a third.

"Who winds the windlass?" yelled a yellow-skinned gambler.

Meantime I was using my one hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois to its utmost to push my way through the crowd with the half-formed idea of shooting the murderers. I shouted until there seemed to be a million spiderwebs tearing apart in my ears, and my voice only made one note more in the diabolical chorus.

A ball of rope was tossed up and over a stout limb of a dead tree, a human lever attached, the cord tightened, and a struggling form struck out blindly and convulsively for something on which to rest his feet.

My brain was on fire, and I still struggled against the wall of flesh and blood that barred my advance.

There came an indescribable roar from outside the circle of miners, and a tornado never cleared a path before it more perfectly than did Sam Brace. A knife between his teeth, and his huge arms swinging out from his sides made resistance useless. He leaped into the small open space around the still struggling body, and with the bound of a catamount he caught the trunk of the tree between his knees, seized a limb with his left hand, and whirling round like a loose rope, with one blow of the knife he severed the cord and struck the ground again on the instant that the body fell. One jerk of his thumb and finger loosened the knot around the victim's purple, swollen throat—and before the astounded rabble had recovered their wits, he was astride the body with his back against the trunk of the tree, and a revolver in each hand.

"The first man," he said, deep down in his throat, "that moves toward this body, I'll blow from earth to hell—mark me!"

The silence was broken by a murmur that threatened in a moment to drown all explanations.

"Fools! cowards, and devils!" exclaimed Sam, in his heavy voice, "to string a man up without his having time to speak. You've murdered the wrong one—Ed Towle is innocent. He was off on my business—to see Colonel Dewy—I wanted to buy his lower claim. I only wish that I had cannon and shot and shell enough to blow you all to perdition."

Truth was stamped upon Sam Brace's livid features, and the wild beasts around were cowed by his moral heroism, and began to shuffle off like a pack of sneaking, whipped curs.

Brace and I then took up the limp body of the victim to Lynch law, and bore him toward our camp.

After many hours of labor, circulation was restored to the still living body, and the swollen, purple face began to look natural. His first words were:

"Oh, Sam, it was dreadful."

"Missed eternity that time, Ed, only by the fraction of a minute," Brace replied; "and the warning that I had the night before kept me wakeful last night, and that was how you were saved. I told you, Carnes, that it was no dream."

I did not dispute him. Poor Sam died two years later in the mines of heart disease.

Dog Catchers Routed and Policeman Carried Off.

Bridget Cushman resides in West Philadelphia. She is an Irishwoman, tall and stout, and very strong. She is the owner of a dog. It is not a "yaller dorg," but a big bull pup. Bridget is very fond of her dog, and his character for fierceness is so good that she never had a fear of anybody carrying him off. The dog detectives are no respecters of dogs. They pick up any kind. One morning they were in Bridget's neighborhood. The first dog lassoed was Bridget's bull pup. Then there was a growl, and afterwards a howl. The noise brought out Bridget. She took in the situation of affairs, and began to hurl cobble stones at the dog catchers. The latter thought that they had better get away, and they began to travel. More stones, including a big piece of a curb-stone, fell around about them. Policeman Evans, who thought he had sufficient cause for an arrest, went up to Bridget and said, "I arrest you." "Ye will, will yees?" responded Bridget, "an' shure I'll arrest yees." No sooner said than done. Evans found himself in the arms of the big woman. He kicked and struggled for freedom without avail. Then he shouted for help. Bridget held on to him and carried him into her house, locking the door behind her. Evans was very much like the Irish soldier, who cried out "I've got a prisoner," and when told to bring him in, answered, "I can't; he won't let me." Evans's cries brought up two other knights of the locust. They battered in the door of the house. Then they were battered by Bridget. Two other "stars" entered into the contest, and the belligerent woman was triumphantly carried off by the four men. Evans was also released. Bridget had a hearing before an alderman and was held in $500 bail. The bull pup is supposed to have gone to the dog pond.

☞ An old Italian proverb says, "See Naples and die." An American traveller, writing from thence, quotes this proverb, but adds: "I didn't quite die, but I did very nearly, the smell was so terrible."

☞ By a new regulation, the public will no longer be permitted to view the dead bodies at the Morgue in Paris, but photographs of them will be taken, which it is thought will serve all purposes for identification.

☞ None but the brave deserve the fair. An Indiana lass is now engaged to be married to a young man whose hand she refused seven times.

Answers to Correspondents.

MINNIE, (West Philadelphia,) writes: "I have often wondered why glasses filled with a colored fluid were placed before the gas lights in the drug store windows. I have asked several persons, but have not yet found an answer. Will you answer me in your correspondents' column? I have several other questions that I would like to have answered, but I will not presume any further on your good nature." We do not know when the custom mentioned originated, and it is so natural an idea for chemists that no special notice may have been taken of its origin. Having facilities for forming transparent fluids of various colors, any acute druggist would try to attract attention by displaying bottles of these fluids in his shop windows. On the introduction of light in store windows, druggists would naturally try to show these colors at night by making the light shine through them.

H. J., (Arkansas,) writes: "Having become very much pleased with your answers to correspondents, and feeling very much in need of advice, I have ventured to ask a few questions which I hope you will answer through your paper of which I am a constant reader. 1st. I have been for two years past acquainted with a young lady whom for the past six months I have loved almost to distraction. I have waited upon her a great deal, and she has never slighted me. She always seems very much pleased with my company when we are alone, but seems reserved and cool toward me when in company with others. I sometimes think she loves me, and again I fear she does not. I can sometimes find her looking at me when at church, but the moment she finds she is discovered she looks off and seems to be interested in something else. I would have declared my love to her had I not feared I would regret it. From my statement, would you think she loves me? Would it be proper for me to declare my love to her, or wait to be certain that she loves me and that my love will be returned? What would you take the sign to be of her looking at me so much when at church? Is my writing good enough for a book-keeper?" The female mind is an enigma which it is sometimes difficult to solve, but the signs you give are such as are generally considered proofs of modest maiden love. We should advise you not to propose unless you are willing to be accepted. Your writing might serve, though it needs improvement.

U. A. M., (California,) asks: "1st. What can lodging and board be had for, per week, in Germany, in a respectable hotel? 2d. What is the cost per mile for riding on the cars there? 3d. What is the cost from New York to Germany in a steam-vessel, second cabin?" 1st. The price of board at hotels in Germany is about as follows: Bedroom, first floor, 50 cents; second floor, 37½ cents; breakfast, 25 cents; dinner, at table d'hote, 60 cents. The landlord is obliged by law to have his prices posted up in each room, and can be strictly held to them. In Berlin, the price per day is about two dollars. Railroad travel in Germany, first class, averages about 3½ cents per mile; second class travel, however, is considerably cheaper, and is quite respectable, it being said that only noblemen and Americans travel first class. 2d. You can go by steamer from New York to Germany for about 55 dollars. We do not know the rates for second cabin, but presume there is no great difference.

Mrs. A. H. M., (Jefferson City, M. T.,) says: "Will you be kind enough to inform me how to Crystallize Grass? I have found some very beautiful specimens here in the mountains, which I would like to use for winter bouquets. I have been informed that vases and baskets made of paste-board can be covered very handsomely by shavings from animal's horns? Can you inform me how it is done? I have come to you for help, for I do not have any one to go to, and will be very much obliged if you will reply to either of these questions." The crystalline appearance is produced by the use of a solution of alum, in which the grasses are dipped; the alum being deposited in minute crystals as the water evaporates. We do not know the exact process. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to enlighten us, as also with regard to the second question.

L. D., (Xenia, Ia.,) says: "As I take a great interest in your answers to correspondents, I thought I would bother you with a few questions. 1st. Under what administration was the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad land grant given away? 2d. Do the hair and nails of a dead person grow? I have several times heard it said that they did. 3d. How long does the mosquito live? 4th. In what hand should a lady hold the reins while taking equestrian exercise?" 1st. We do not remember. 2d. The hair is said to have grown after death in some observed cases. We have never heard that the nails grew, and think it quite impossible, growth of the nails being dependent on regular growth of the skin. 3d. Probably something over a month, a great part of which is passed in the larval state. 4th. The left is the bridle hand.

U KNOW, (Newport, N. Y.,) writes: "Being a reader of the Post for some time past, I wish to submit to your consideration the following questions: 1st. Has the depth of water in the vast cave at Panelon, which Josephus speaks of in his history of the Jewish war, been ascertained? and is this fountain the origin of the river Jordan? 2d. Is there a State in the Union whose constitution and laws debar or withhold the right of suffrage from a white male citizen, unless he be worth a certain amount of money or property? 3d. What was the largest number of soldiers and sailors in the United States service, at one time, during the late war—and what was the largest number employed at one time in the Confederate States army and navy? 4th. What was the largest number of soldiers and sailors in the Prussian army and navy, at one time, during the late French and Prussian war? Also what was the largest number of soldiers and sailors France had in the same war, at one time? 5th. What was the number of killed and wounded in the United States service during the late war, and also the number lost in the Confederate States service? 6th. What do you think of my hand writing for a countryman? 7th. Will you also give me the whole number of males and female in the world?" 1st. The depth of water has not been ascertained, to our knowledge. The caves from which the Jordan rises, are, we believe, inaccessible. Josephus mentions two sources of the Jordan, one at Panelon, (now Banyas;) the other at Dan, (now Tell el Kadi,) There is a larger source not mentioned by him, called Hasbeish. The river is formed from the union of these three streams. 2d. Many, if not all the States, require the payment of a tax. In Rhode Island, we believe, citizens of foreign birth have to possess a certain amount of property. It is a matter of State regulation entirely. 3d. The largest nominal United States force was about 1,200,000. But it is probable that the largest number in active service at one time was about 700,000, and in the Confederate service 350,000. 4th. The nominal German force was about 1,125,000. The number in active service about 600,000; and of the French about 350,000. In both cases the victory seems to have been with the heaviest battalions. 5. The losses in the armies of the United States were about 275,000. The Confederate loss is unknown. 6th. We think your handwriting no credit to a countryman of ours. 7th. The total population of the world can only be guessed at. It probably amounts to eleven or twelve hundred millions. As Carlyle says, "principally fools."

KENTUCKIAN writes: "I have read some of your kind directions to the greatest problem that ever confused a woman's brain; that is, how to make and trim a dress, without looking an age behind the times. I have a very handsome black silk, and wish to make it over. I want it neat and pretty, but do not like a Polonaise. I have enough goods to trim profusely. Would like to look fashionable without looking fussy. Can you, or will you, solve the mystery, by giving me a few directions in the Post, or in the September number of the Lady's Friend? Please tell me how to trim a skirt all the way up, how to bead the top ruffle if trimmed with overlapping ruffles, and what kind of a waist to make, round or basque. Economy compels mechanics' wives and daughters to be their own dressmakers, and I am a mechanic's wife, independent enough to do my own sewing, not caring a whit about Madam Grundy's tattle, but with pride enough to want to look genteel and within the pale of fashion. Please answer my questions with a few directions, and oblige an old contributor and friend." We acknowledge ourselves defeated, overmatched, utterly vanquished. Passing onward in the overweening pride of our knowledge, we have suddenly fallen into the utmost depths of self-depreciation. We know nothing; or nothing worth knowing. We have consulted our dictionary, and find that Polonaise is the name of a certain dance, and that Basque is a province of Spain. But we cannot exactly understand how the Basques are to dance a Polonaise round the overlapping ruffles of a silk dress. A lady friend has snatched the pen from our hand in disgust, and writes: "Trim with skeleton ruffles, with a neat finish at top. It would be advisable to make a basque, as they will be worn." Maybe that is so. And even skeleton ruffles may be all right. It is beyond our comprehension. Such questions should be addressed to the editor of the Lady's Friend.

DICK, (Money Creek, Minn.,) writes: "I take the liberty of enrolling myself in the list of your tormentors, and asking a few questions. Twenty months ago I went to work for a man on these conditions. I should work for my board and clothes, and go to school four months in the year till of age, (I was thirteen years old) and then was to receive two hundred dollars. One Sunday morning he said that the stable needed cleaning out, as it had not been cleaned out for two weeks. I went away without doing it. When I came back he asked me why I did not clean out the stable. I told him there were other days besides Sunday to do such work. He then told me I might go. Can I force him to pay me my wages, through my father, for what I have already done? Also can I force him to pay the two hundred? In writing a number is it proper to write figures or words? What do you think of my writing, composition, and grammar?" He had no right to ask you to perform labor of the kind mentioned on Sunday, and if he turned you away for not doing so, we think you would have no difficulty in forcing him to pay you for the time served, if your board and clothing at your age have not been a sufficient compensation. In writing a number either words or figures may be used, but it is very important to be precise: use words in preference, as there is less danger of mistake. Your writing, composition, and grammar, all need improvement.

CONSTANT READER, (Indianapolis, Ind.,) writes: "Please answer the following questions: 1st. What is the exact distance between this country and Europe? 2d. What is the present amount of the public debt? 3d. What church did Dr. Franklin belong to? 4th. What do you think of my handwriting?" The distance between this country and Europe varies very greatly. The different steamship routes range from twenty-five to thirty-three hundred miles, between the principal seaboard cities. 2d. It now amounts to about 2,188,000,000 dollars. 3d. Dr. Franklin was not a church member. He is said to have held liberal opinions. Your handwriting is not good.

QUIQUITA, (Macon, Ga.,) asks: "Will you be so kind as to tell me where the —— is published, and its address?" It is published in New York. That address is sufficient.

FRED., (Farmington, Iowa,) asks: "Can you send your paper to any address, either in civil life or in the army? Can you bind them up nicely, and will you instruct me how to send them safely? If I could write once in a while for your paper, on common topics, I would be glad to have them accepted." We can send our paper wherever you wish, if you give us precise directions, and advise us in time of any change of location. We will be happy to give you any required information in reference to mailing. Will be happy to receive your articles, and will give them impartial consideration.

MARGARET DOUGLASS, Pa.—Will you please send us your real name and address, as we wish to communicate with you.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RECEIPTS.

VEAL OMELETTE.—3 lbs. of chopped veal, 2 eggs beaten; 1 tablespoonful of sweet cream, one tablespoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of ground pepper, 6 tablespoonfuls of rolled crackers, 1 teaspoonful of thyme or summer savory. Make into a long roll, put into a dripping pan with water enough to keep from burning. Bake *well*. Some add a slice of salt pork chopped.

SCALDED BREAD.—An excellent breakfast dish is made by pouring boiling water over pieces of stale bread—enough to soak them soft. Better than steamed bread, and preferred to toast by many.

CREAM (OR MILK) GRAVY.—Those who use fat pork often make this gravy in the same spider where the pork has just been fried, thus seasoning it with pork. We make it of milk, thickened with flour, and seasoned with butter and salt. For a pint of gravy you want a large spoonful of flour, stirred smoothly into half a teacup of the cold milk. Let the milk be boiling when this is added, and kept constantly stirring, or the gravy will be lumpy. If cream is used instead of milk no butter is necessary. The milk should be stirred while coming to the boil to keep it from burning. It is less likely to burn if a little butter is melted in the spider before pouring in the milk.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot; skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

GREEN GAGES.—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest when they begin to get soft are the best; split them, and take out the kernels and stew them in part of the sugar; take out the kernels from the shells and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it and add the fruit and kernels; skim it until clear, and then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Chop one peck of green tomatoes, four onions, and six green peppers. Strew over them one cup of salt, and let them stand all night. Next day drain off the water from them, and add to them one cup of sugar (or more if liked), one cup of grated horse-radish, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, and one of allspice. Cover with vinegar, and cook till tender.

TO KEEP TOMATOES.—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time and come out almost as good and fresh as when first picked by preserving in *pure cider vinegar*, diluted with water. One gill of vinegar and two of water. Pick when ripe, but not very soft; leave the stems on and do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone, and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something upon them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vines. It will not fail you if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions. Try it.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

TO EXTRACT SPECKS OF DURABLE INK.—A little sal-ammonia moistened with water.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Use Ammonia water, or burning fluid; keeping them on the hands, and rubbing till dry.

TO CLEANSE RANCID PIE PLATES AND EARTHENWARE, &c.—Boil them in lye, or a little saponifier made weak.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 1, 50, 41, 36, 51, was a brother of Moses. He assisted Moses in delivering the Lord's messages to Pharoah.
My 2, 46, 51, 25, 33, was the name of a mount in which Moses dwelt forty days and nights.
My 3, 5, 2, was a king of Bashan.
My 4, 54, 40, 31, 43, was one of the plagues of Egypt.
My 5, 53, 47, 50, 27, was the son of Nahor, and the father of Abram. He lived two hundred and five years.
My 6, 32, 42, was the name of a son of Benjamin.
My 7, 36, 25, 18, was the name of a just man who found grace in the eyes of the Lord.
My 8, 34, 46, 54, was the land in which the Edomites, the children of Esau dwelt.
My 9, 50, 45, 53, 32, was what the Israelites found at Elim.
My 10, 28, 34, 41, was the son of Salah, and the father of Peleg.
My 11, 21, 35, 16, 51, was the name of a bird that Noah sent to seek land which never returned.
My 12, 46, 24, 21, 38, was a son of Japheth.
My 13, 54, 33, was the father of Bezaleel.
My 14, 53, 48, was a son of Peleg, and the father of Serug.
My 15, 33, 51, 53, is the number of chapters in the book of Amos.
My 16, 35, 34, was the mother of Cain and Abel.
My 17, 46, 30, 37, 44, is one of the books of the New Testament.
My 18, 29, 24, was the father of Uri.
My 19, 38, 25, 49, 27, was the son of Berachiah one of the Kohathites.
My 20, 40, 14, 42, 38, are now before you.
My 28, 36, 39, is the token of a covenant between the Lord and the earth.
My 26, 23, 53, 51, 30, 22, is equal to one-sixth of the number of years that Moses lived on this earth.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 28, 29, 27, is the title of a knight.
My 25, 26, 30, 26, 31, is a species of nut.
My 1, 6, 21, 16, 14, 15, is a beverage of the heathen gods.
My 7, 3, 12, 5, is the name of a stone.
My 22, 4, 15, 8, is eaten very much in summer.
My 19, 18, 11, 17, is a girl's name.
My 2, 13, 6, is an animal.
My 20, 23, 15, is something we breathe.
My 9, 24, 10, 16, is a covering for part of the human person.
My whole is the name and birthplace of a celebrated character of the nineteenth century.

FLORENCE.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NAMES OF STATES.

1. When I map here.
2. Meat no sin.
3. Are we lad?
4. Roy knew.
5. Ireland's hod.
6. Sin Co. wins.
7. Ask Abner.
8. A mine.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

BURIED CITIES OF ASIA AND AFRICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. The army had engaged in battle before we arrived.
2. By studious attention I was enabled to recite a perfect lesson.
3. The nag ran swiftly across the yard.
4. Some students like Latin, others prefer Greek.
5. The violent earthquake shocked many people.
6. Labor and perseverance conquer many difficult undertakings.
7. The Book of Ezra contains only ten chapters.
8. The rattan, a valuable cane is found in India.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A musical instrument.
2. Miscellaneous.
3. A fight.
4. Good for money.

Fort Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA.—As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool. Prov. chap. 26, verse 1.

BURIED TOWNS—
1. Princeton.
2. Forsythe.
3. Riverton.
4. Lebanon.
5. Ashland.
6. Jackson.
7. Athens.
8. Dover.
9. Sparta.
10. Stella.
11. Pekin.
12. Owen.

RIDDLE.—Heat, eat, tea, hat, ah.

WORD SQUARE—
C R E S T
R O V E R
E V A D E
S E D A N
T R E N T